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## REVIEWS

*A History of the United States, from the discovery of the American Continent to the present time. By George Bancroft. Vol. I. Boston: Bowen; London, Kennett.*

THE History of the United States, written by one who, in the best spirit of historical scepticism, has examined original documents and cotemporary evidence, who has tested his facts by a diligent investigation of statutes, state-papers and records, both public and private, cannot fail to excite deep attention at both sides of the Atlantic. Englishmen have generally laid aside the petty jealousy with which it was once the fashion to regard America; nine-tenths of the present generation feel pride in the prosperity of the States—pride, in its free institutions, of which England furnished the sapling, while America's genial soil forwarded the growth—pride, that a race sprung from our parentage, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," has become the source of civilization to half a globe, and based on the foundations of successful industry and social happiness, an empire ten-fold more extensive, and a thousand-fold more prosperous than that of Alexander, or of Caesar, or of Charlemagne. We feel interested—sincerely, fondly interested—in the history of America's progress, for it is the history of our own triumphs. The best and bravest of England's chivalry sought her woods from love of adventure; the most eminent of Britain's merchants sought her shores to extend trade; above all the Pilgrim Fathers, the stern and bold asserters of their own right of conscience, carried to her coasts the spirit of English freedom, sullied indeed by some defects of the age, but still possessing inherent energies, which only required time to develop themselves, and work away all impurities. America, indeed, cannot boast that

Her ancient though ignoble blood  
Has run through scoundrels ever since the Flood;  
but she has a Martyrology of those who died for their faith, and a Calendar of those who lived for it; a list of statesmen and of warriors whose political and military talents were guided by patriotism alone: in her brief annals of two centuries she can show a roll of names entitled to a world's reverence, which few European nations, however ancient, can parallel. We more than forgive the pride of such a boast, because we share it, regarding England as the Cybele of nations, all of whose progeny are gods.

Mr. Bancroft lingers with pleasure over the history of a period which preceding writers seemed anxious to dismiss briefly, the colonial age of America; he has zealously laboured to trace out "the early love of liberty in Virginia; the causes and nature of its loyalty; its commercial freedom; the independent spirit of Maryland; the early institutions of Rhode Island; and the stern independence of the New England Puritans." In these, he wisely remarks, must

the germs of American institutions be sought, because "the maturity of a nation is but the continuation of its youth."

The first of England's daring navigators, in the reign of Elizabeth, were little, if anything, better than pirates. Of Drake and his companions, Mr. Bancroft speaks thus honestly:—

"The lustre of the name of Drake is borrowed from his success. In itself, this part of his career was but a splendid piracy against a nation, with which his sovereign and his country professed to be at peace. Oxenham, a subordinate officer, who had ventured to imitate his master, was taken by the Spaniards and hanged; nor was his punishment either unexpected or censured in England as severe. The exploits of Drake, except so far as they nourished a love for maritime affairs, were injurious to commerce; the minds of the sailors were debauched by a passion for sudden acquisitions; and to receive regular wages seemed base and unmanly, when at the easy peril of life, there was hope of boundless plunder. Commerce and colonization rest on regular industry; the humble labour of the English fishermen, who now frequented the Grand Bank, bred mariners for the navy of their country, and prepared the way for its settlements in the New World."

We more than doubt the advantages which English navigation and English colonies are said to have derived from such adventurers. Now that the glare of military success has faded, John Smith, the celebrated captive rescued from death by Pocahontas, claims a higher place in the list of heroes, than any of those who have been whimsically designated (and not by an Irishman) "our naval chivalry." To one of them, John Hawkins, we owe England's participation in the infamy of the Slave Trade; an infamy in which every European government but one participated, and this honourable exception was the Papal.

"It was never sanctioned by the see of Rome. Pope Alexander III., in the very darkness of the middle ages, had written, that, 'nature having made no slaves, all men have an equal right to liberty.' Even Leo X., though his voluptuous life, making of his pontificate a continued carnival, might have deadened the sentiments of humanity and justice, declared, that 'not the Christian religion only, but nature herself cries out against the state of slavery.' And Paul III., in two separate briefs, imprecated a curse on the Europeans who should enslave Indians or any other class of men."

The Puritans of Massachusetts rivalled the see of Rome in thus asserting the rights of humanity, and this, be it remembered, at a time when public sentiment was so depraved that Elizabeth bargained for a share in the hazards profits, and crimes of such detestable traffic; and when Hawkins, having frankly published a narrative of atrocities which cannot be read without a shudder, became the theme of universal eulogy from Berwick to the Lizard.

"A ship of one Thomas Keyser and one James Smith, the latter a member of the church of Boston, first brought upon the colonies the guilt

of participating in the traffic in African slaves. They sailed 'for Guinea to trade for negroes;' but throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers; Richard Saltonstall, a worthy assistant, felt himself moved by his duty as a magistrate, to denounce the act of stealing negroes as 'expressly contrary to the law of God and the law of the country;' the guilty men were committed for the offence; and, after advice with the elders, the representatives of the people, bearing 'witness against the heinous crime of man stealing,' ordered the negroes to be restored at the public charge 'to their native country, with a letter expressing the indignation of the general court' at their wrongs."

The rapid progress of Virginia, after its inhabitants had received the protection of a free constitution, is very ably described:—

"Prosperity advanced with freedom; dreams of new staples and infinite wealth were indulged; while the population of Virginia at the epoch of the restoration, may have been about thirty thousand. Many of the recent emigrants had been royalists in England, good officers in the war, men of education, of property, and of condition. But the waters of the Atlantic divided them from the political strifes of Europe; their industry was employed in making the best advantage of their plantations; the interests and liberties of Virginia, the land, which they adopted as their country, were dearer to them than the monarchical principles, which they had espoused in England; and therefore no bitterness could exist between the partisans of the Stuarts and the friends of republican liberty. Virginia had long been the home of its inhabitants. 'Among many other blessings,' said their statute book, 'God Almighty hath vouchsafed increase of children to this colony; who are now multiplied to a considerable number;' and the huts in the wilderness were as full as the birds-nests of the woods."

But we are still more interested in the history of Maryland, a state founded in the very wildest age of bigotry and intolerance, and yet one in which full liberty of conscience was, from the first, made a fundamental law:—

"But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; 'I will not,' such was the oath for the governor of Maryland, 'I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance, any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.' Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbours of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against protestant intolerance."

The attempt subsequently made by the Puritans to restrict this wise and beneficent institution, was defeated by Cromwell. The anecdote is too honourable to his memory to be omitted:—

"A new assembly, convened at Patuxent, acknowledged the authority of Cromwell, but it also exasperated the whole Romish party by

their wanton disfranchisement. An act concerning religion, confirmed the freedom of conscience, provided the liberty were not extended to 'popery, prelacy, or licentiousness' of opinion. Yet Cromwell, remote from the scene of strife, was not betrayed by his religious prejudices into an approbation of the ungrateful decree. He commanded the commissioners 'not to busy themselves about religion, but to settle the civil government.'"

The history of the Pilgrim Fathers is better known than that of the other emigrants. They were connected with all the dissenting congregations, and with many of the most distinguished families in England. Though driven into exile by a country, or rather a government that knew not their value, they loved to cast "a longing, lingering look behind," on the country that was still the home of their affections:—

"As the ships were bearing Higginson and his followers out of sight of their native land, they remembered it, not as the scene of their sufferings from intolerance, but as the home of their fathers and the dwelling place of their friends. They did not say 'Farewell Babylon! farewell Rome! but, FAREWELL DEAR ENGLAND.'"

We remember somewhere to have seen an account of a sermon preached to the homeless exiles, when by the banks of a strange river, they thought of their own "silver Thames." The minister took for his text, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion,"—"whereupon," continues the old chronicler, "all the congregation lifted up their voices and wept aloud." Yet theirs was a dauntless spirit; they swerved not under the most accumulated sufferings, but preferred freedom in the wilderness, to all the comforts of "dear England," when these comforts could only be obtained by compliances revolting to their consciences.

"Before December two hundred at the least had died. Yet as the brightest lightnings are kindled in the darkest clouds, the general distress did but augment the piety and confirm the fortitude of the colonists. Their enthusiasm was softened by the mildest sympathy with suffering humanity; while a sincere religious faith kept guard against despondency and weakness. Not a hurried line, not a trace of repining, appears in their records; the congregations always assembled at the stated times, whether in the open fields or under the shade of an ancient tree; in the midst of want they abounded in hope; in the solitudes of the wilderness they believed themselves in company with the Greatest, the most Benevolent of Beings. Honour is due not less to those who perished than to those who survived; to the martyrs the hour of death was an hour of triumph; such as is never witnessed in more tranquil seasons; just as there can be no gorgeous sunset, but when the vapours of evening gather in heavy masses round the west, to reflect the glories of declining day. For that placid resignation, which diffuses grace round the bed of sickness, and makes death too serene for sorrow and too beautiful for fear, no one was more remarkable than the daughter of Thomas Sharp, whose youth and sex, and as it seemed unequalled virtues, won the warmest eulogies of the austere Dudley. Even children caught the spirit of the place; and in their last hours awoke to the awful mystery of the impending change, awaited its approach in the tranquil confidence of faith, and went to the grave full of immortality. The survivors bore all things meekly, 'remembering the end of their coming hither.' 'We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ,' wrote

Winthrop to his wife, whom pregnancy had detained in England, 'and is not this enough? I thank God I like so well to be here, as I do not repent my coming. I would not have altered my course though I had foreseen all these afflictions. I never had more content of mind.'"

We must not pass over the account of Roger Williams, the apostle of religious liberty in New England. An exile for conscience-sake, driven from a home he had loved, bearing to the wilderness talents and acquirements which, though they did not "waste their sweetness on the desert air," were at least restricted to a more humble sphere, he did not allow his wrongs to cloud his understanding, but boldly maintained the doctrine of enlightened toleration:—

"The magistrates insisted on the presence of every man at public worship; Williams reprobated the law; the worst statute in the English code was that which did but enforce attendance upon the parish church. To compel men to unite with those of a different creed he regarded as an open violation of their natural rights; to drag to public worship the irreligious and the unwilling, seemed only like requiring hypocrisy. 'An unbelieving soul is dead in sin,' such was his argument; and to force the indifferent from one worship to another, 'was like shifting a dead man into several changes of apparel.' 'No one should be bound to worship, or,' he added, 'to maintain a worship against his own consent.' 'What!' exclaimed his antagonists, amazed at his tenets; 'is not the labourer worthy of his hire?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'from them that hire him.'"

"The magistrates were selected exclusively from the members of the church; with equal propriety, reasoned Williams, might 'a doctor of physic or a pilot' be selected according to his skill in theology and his standing in the church.

"It was objected to him, that his principles subverted all good government. The commander of the vessel of state, replied Williams, may maintain order on board the ship, and see that it pursues its course steadily, even though the dissenters of the crew are not compelled to attend the public prayers of their companions."

But Williams stood almost alone, and before his honoured head was laid in the grave, the New Englanders commenced a cruel persecution of the Quakers, which rivalled, so far as it went, the worst atrocities of the Inquisition.

The first volume of this excellent work brings the history of the colonies down only to the Restoration; we shall look earnestly for the continuation, for we are anxious to see more of an author who so happily unites great talents and great industry, and above all, who is so fearlessly honest and impartial.

*Belgium and Western Germany in 1833.* By Mrs. Trollope.

[Second Notice.]

We promised to resume our notice of this work; and the delay in doing it has been accidental; for, as we before intimated to the reader, the second volume is more interesting than the first. The country over which our journey lies, though it is long since it was trodden in our maps by those hieroglyphical monsters, which used of old to intimate that it was unknown, is somewhat less familiar than that from Ostend to Cologne. We shall glean here and there as circumstances may direct. Here is a passing observation, which we shall quote for the benefit of country gentlemen and "poor men's magistrates," an honourable distinction volun-

tarily conferred by those who are best able to appreciate its value, and which none not deeply skilled in the trading philosophy of the political diffusionists could hold up to ridicule:—

"There is one feature remarkable in all the roads of Germany which I do not remember in any other country. On every great route that we travelled, we observed benches placed by the road-side for such as journey on foot. These are generally found under the shade of a large tree; and, in many instances, they are furnished with the additional luxury of a bowery shelter of branches, carefully twisted into an alcove. This may appear to be a matter of very little consequence, and hardly worth mentioning; but it is strongly indicative of the temper of the country, if I may so express myself: and, as I know not by whose hand, or at whose cost, they are reared, I am disposed to believe the feeling, that causes their formation, as universal as the accommodation they offer."

The moral effects of that general beneficence which these sideway benches indicate, may perhaps be read in the following sketches of national manners:—

"On the 9th of August we left Baden-Baden for Mannheim, having hired a carriage to take us there in one day—a distance that I should have thought too long for one pair of horses, being seventy miles, had not the driver assured us that he had repeatedly done it without distressing them. When my son made the engagement with this man, the day before we left Baden, he was surprised by his drawing a piece of five francs from his pocket, and insisting on his taking it as a proof that it was a real bargain between them. Henry repeatedly refused; but the driver as repeatedly declared to him that it was for his own satisfaction, as then 'he was sure the gentleman would employ him, if only to give him his money back;' and so perfectly in earnest was he, that the contest ended by Henry's being positively forced to take his pledge that he would be at the door of our lodgings on the following day exactly at six o'clock.

"Another trait of one of the same class of men, I think deserves recording. On arriving at Heidelberg, we were so eager in our desire to dispatch all the business that must necessarily be got through before we could start for the castle, that while I looked at rooms, my son was engaged in seeing the luggage taken from the carriage. During the time he was thus occupied, our driver followed me, and I paid him for the day's engagement.

"It seems that the man lingered in the town, in the hope of taking us on; for a day or two afterwards, he accosted my son in the street, who, recollecting his person more rapidly than he could understand his words, pulled out his purse, knowing that he had not paid him, (as it was his custom to do,) and not having heard me mention that I had done so. From this moment, all the poor fellow's hope of a future engagement was lost in his eagerness to declare that he was paid—fully paid; and in entreaties that Henry would put up his purse again—making it very evident that he was not only honest but most feelingly alive to the pain of being thought otherwise. \* \* \*

"It is no wonder that this country still continues to be the nursing mother of superstition and romance: it was not always easy, even for infidels, to escape their influence at St. Goar. When every light had vanished from the dwellings on the opposite shore, the notes of some instrument at a distance, repeated again and again by the extraordinary echoes, often suggested the idea of aerial music. I heard this constantly every night; and am almost ashamed to confess the thrilling effect it produced.

"The sober truth is, that, such a sufficient knowledge of music, as enables them to play on some instrument or other, is universal among the peasants of Germany. And we need not, therefore, have recourse to any supernatural agency, to account for the fact, that music is often heard amongst them where it might be least expected."

"The boors of Germany have been represented, both by pen and pencil, as a coarse, rude, heavy race; but I suspect, that the glance, which sufficed to make this portrait, had little acuteness in it. Poor and laborious they are, and must be. Their mines lie deep in the earth—their vineyards hang on beetling rocks;—and the richness of the valley must be scattered over many a barren upland, or the wide-spread race should perish. But this brings no degradation with it;—nor can the active youth and vigorous age of their females deserve the scorn they have met; though strength, instead of softness of limb be the result. The German peasant girl, cultivating her rich flower-bed, and singing the delicious strains of her country with taste and feeling,—accompanied, perhaps, in both, by her lover,—certainly offers as refined a picture of rural life as we can hope to find any where, beyond the bounds of Arcadia. And should a tincture of romantic superstition be added to this, and the wildness of nature give birth to some wildness of fancy, I suspect the tone of moral feeling is rather raised than lowered by it."

The following refers to a peculiar custom, which must, we think, have puzzled more English travellers than Mrs. Trollope. We remember to have been a little startled ourselves at the importunate demands of some of these well-dressed beggars:—

"I think that I have not hitherto mentioned a circumstance, perfectly peculiar, as I believe, to the roads of Germany, and which, travel in what direction we might, we were sure to encounter. I allude to the *fighters*,—as they call the young mechanics, who, after serving their time in any town or city throughout Germany, are obliged to leave it for three years, before they set up for themselves; in order, as it is presumed, that they may improve by travel, and acquire some farther insight into their art, by seeing how it is practised elsewhere."

"Custom authorizes these young men to demand assistance from every one they meet on the road; and, though the donations are often exceedingly small,—the fraction of a farthing perhaps,—it very rarely happens that the application is altogether disregarded. On our return from Ingelheim, we were addressed in this manner by a young man, so perfectly well dressed, and with the air of a person so totally unused to beg,—or fight, as it is called,—for his living, that we felt embarrassed whether to treat his demand as jest, or earnest. He left us no choice, however, but ran beside the carriage with such pertinacious activity, and appeared so well inclined himself to laugh at the jest, that we resorted to the only means left to get rid of him, and received a gay and saucy bow in acknowledgment."

Of the effects of that bewildering dizziness, which all must have experienced on ascending great heights, we have a melancholy proof in an account of the ascent of the spire at Strasbourg:—

"I entered the church with the intention of climbing to the top of its spire; but gave it up on listening to the sacristan's account of the ascent. My son, however, who is not easily discouraged by threatened fatigue, persevered in his determination, and achieved the enterprise; but confessed, when it was over, that it was neither easy nor agreeable. Above half the tremendous height (500 feet) is scaled by steps

on the outside of the spire; and though these are protected by a rail, it is so slight, and its supports are so distant from each other, that it takes but little from its horrors."

"It is on record, that three females have been at different times so overpowered by the giddy eminence, which they had reached, when climbing it, that they have thrown themselves off in a momentary fit of delirium and been dashed to atoms. The latest of these awful accidents occurred within the last ten years; and the man, who recounted the tale to Henry, while he was standing on the self-same pinnacle, told him that he had himself witnessed it. He said that the unfortunate creature was quite a young girl; and the first symptom she gave of her senses wavering, was excessive mirth. She laughed and shouted, as if in ecstasy; and having reached a point where nothing intercepted her view of the abyss below, she sprang off, screaming wildly as she fell."

"The sound of the cry, as she passed down, was terrible," remarked the guide. Terrible, indeed! too much so to bear thinking of."

Little remains to be said of the German watering places after the 'Bubbles' of Sir Francis Head; but a slight sketch of Ems is in Mrs. Trollope's own admirable manner:—

"The morning after our arrival at the baths, our friends having proposed an excursion through the forest, to Brannbach, and the fortress of Marksberg, on the Rhine, we gladly set about preparing for it. In addition to the sociable hired for the occasion, our party required the assistance of two donkeys; and as it is the fashion to be very active, and do a great deal of business before breakfast at Ems, we crossed the Lahn by its little bridge of boats, which looks like a miniature imitation of those on the Rhine, and were among the first customers at the picturesque shed, where the herd of saddled donkeys stand to be hired. There is nothing more peculiarly characteristic of the place than this shed, and its accompaniments. Many of the excursions amidst the beautiful country in the neighbourhood are through roads that are better traversed by the feet of donkeys and mules, than by any less humble beast; and accordingly, the demand for them is so great, that ninety-six donkeys, and four mules, are to be seen every morning, gaily caparisoned, with a proportionate number of attendants, each eloquently, and somewhat clamorously, recommending their own particular beasts. Every individual quadruped of this numerous herd is labelled on the forehead with a number; and some of the numbers which belong to the strongest or best managed donkeys, are as well known throughout the place, as the names of the most distinguished personages."

"Forty-seven! forty-seven!" exclaimed more than one voice among the applicants, who began to arrive. But we had already the happiness of having secured the beautiful zebra marked forty-seven."

"Twenty-two!" "Seventeen!" "Fifty-six!" bawled the eager customers; while the proposal of other numbers, backed by the assurance of their respective merits, was bawled louder still, by the drivers. Fortunately, a police-officer is always in attendance, to prevent the spirit of competition from becoming troublesome, or any exorbitant charge being made; and his occupation appeared to be no sinecure."

"This important business happily arranged, we recrossed the bridge; and in our way to the hotel Des Quatre Saisons, our friends led us to the source, at which it is the fashion for all the world to prelude their breakfast by a smoking glass of brackish water. This spring rises in, or is at least conducted to, a strange, dark chamber, supported by pillars, situated under part of the Kurhaus. It is open to the street,

and entered by many archways;—these are, nevertheless, not sufficient to prevent its having a dark and gloomy appearance. It is, however, under this sombre shelter that all the smart shops of Ems are to be found, and the scene is singular enough. On this occasion, we had not time to amuse ourselves long with its peculiarities; for the misty morning was brightening into a lovely day, and we were anxious to set out upon our expedition."

The ascent at night on the Brocken is among the best things in the work, but it is far too long to be transferred; we must therefore content ourselves with some passages from an account of the secret chambers in one of the Ducal Castles at Baden:—

"Et maintenant vous allez voir les cachots?" said our guide, as if doubting my intention: "Assurément, Mademoiselle," was our reply. "Attendez donc," said she, and left us for a few moments on the steps before the great door. Returning with a lantern and a huge key, she pronounced the words 'Suez moi,' in a tone of much comic solemnity. We did so, to an outer door in a tower which flanks the building; on her opening which, a handsome spiral stone staircase, both ascending and descending, became visible. She went down, and we followed; but I felt something very like disappointment at this unmythical approach to chambers that I almost dreaded to behold. These stairs led to a large vaulted room, sufficiently lighted by grated windows placed high in the wall. 'This,' said our guide, 'and the two chambers beyond, were formerly the retreat of the women in time of war.' The two other rooms were in the same style; being all vaulted, and looking very like a prison, from the strong iron bars which defended the windows. \* \* \* Having reached another small vaulted room, our guide stopped; and told us we were here to take leave of the daylight, which a continuance of grated windows had let in upon us, through all the chambers we had hitherto passed. She then sought and found several candles, which she placed in our hands; saying, that the passages we were about to enter were such as to render it highly dangerous to run any risk of being without a light. She then unlocked a small door, and descending two steps, we entered a narrow passage, which terminated in a square vaulted room. \* \* \* It is quite impossible that stone walls can convey a feeling of more hopeless desolation. From this square room branched more than one opening; but the utter darkness, and the irregularity of arrangement in the horrid cells they led to, prevented our being able to conceive any very correct idea of their relative position."

"On reaching the termination of one of these passages, we were stopped by a door of stone a foot thick, hewn in one piece out of the granite rock. This door stood ajar, and our guide opened it by thrusting a thick stick, that lay near, into the aperture. She then asked Henry to assist her, and between them they contrived, by using the stick as a lever, to move the heavy mass sufficiently to enable us to pass it. 'This is the first prison,' said she; and paused long enough to let us see its dismal horrors. Utterly dark, and totally without ventilation, it struck damp and cold both to body and soul."

"This is the second," she continued, as she passed through another massive door of rock, constructed in the same manner as the former; and again a dismal vault opened before us. In this manner she led us into ten distinct dungeons; some of these are hewn out of the solid rock, as well as the passages which lead to them, and others are constructed of immense blocks of stone."

"After passing through several passages, which I should be loath to traverse without a guide, we reached a chamber of larger dimensions, the



aspect and atmosphere of which might have chilled a lion's heart; our guide paused as she passed the threshold, and said, '*Voici la chambre de la question.*' Many massive iron rings, fastened into the walls of this room, give indications, sufficiently intelligible, of the mode in which the questionings were wont to be carried on there: and so strongly did visions of the past rise up before me, that, with the strange clinging to horror which makes so puzzling a part of our nature, I remained gazing on these traces of vengeance and of woe, till our lively Alsatian declared she would wait no longer.

"One of the openings that led from this frightful room, terminated at a wall, along which another passage ran at right angles. Exactly at the corner where the turn was made, the footing of solid earth or rock, that we had hitherto trod, was changed for a flooring of planks, which, if not quite loose, were yet so placed as to leave considerable interstices between them. She suffered us to pass over these, and when we had entered the door-way, that stood at right angles, she stopped, saying, '*Voilà! this is the oubliette;*' and pointed, as she spoke, to the planks we had passed.

"And what is the oubliette?" was the natural question; though the untranslatable word had already conveyed the idea of eternal oblivion. • • •

"It is the fatal *baiser de la vierge*," she replied: "when a prisoner was sentenced to be forgotten, he was made to pass from the judgment-hall through this door: these planks then sunk beneath him, and he was heard of no more." • • •

"After listening to this dark history of the pit, on whose verge we stood; we followed the narrator to an iron door, of curious workmanship, which creaked most hideously upon its rusty hinges as she opened it. 'This,' said she, 'was the hall of judgment; here the members of the secret tribunal assembled to examine the prisoners before their doom; and there is the entrance by which they came to it from the castle on the hill.' As she spoke, she held up her light, to show us an opening, high up in the wall, but which was closed by stones at the distance of a few feet.

"Here are traces," she continued, pointing to stones that projected at intervals from the walls, 'of the seats that were placed round for the judges.'

"Has that passage ever been traced from one end of it to the other?" said I.

"Oh yes, very often; but not of late years. Part of the roof fell, and it was thought dangerous; so it has been closed at the two extremities, to prevent mischief." • • •

"Suddenly, our young guide stopped in one of the passages, which appeared connected with many of the chambers, and told us to look upwards. We did so; and, at a great height above, perceived the light of heaven, faintly glimmering through an opening, apparently about three feet square: this opening descended, like a huge chimney, to the spot where we stood.

"It was by this entrance," said the girl, 'that all prisoners were brought into the dungeons: that light proceeds from a chamber at the very top of the castle.'

"Can we not see it?" said I.

"You would see nothing but an ordinary chamber."

Mrs. Trollope made a second visit to this dismal place, that she might see this chamber:—

"Our guide led us to the top of the building, where we saw the whole of the extraordinary contrivance resorted to for the purpose of securing a prisoner with a degree of secrecy, which must have set even the curiosity of domestics at defiance.

"The place we were taken to certainly did

not resemble 'an ordinary chamber,' as the girl had called it; though I can easily suppose that it might have done so before the burning of the castle, and its subsequent repairs. The situation and arrangement of the secret descent to the vaults are so remarkable, that I will endeavour to describe them; but in order to do this, it will be necessary to begin from the entrance to the chateau.

"The great doorway opens into a vaulted hall or vestibule; traversed at the farther end by a wide passage, leading on the right-hand to the principal apartments of the rez de chaussée, and to the offices on the left. Immediately in front of the vestibule are three pairs of large folding-doors. The one on the left opens upon a flight of steps leading to the gardens; and that on the right upon an enormous spiral staircase: that in the centre our guide did not open to us. In visiting the picture gallery and the apartments of the dowager Grand Duchess, we had mounted by this spiral staircase; and it was by the same that we were now led to the top of the building. On both occasions the construction of this staircase had struck us as being very singular. It was, as I have said, spiral; but the column around which it turned was of enormous dimensions; and the stairs themselves, as if to be in proportion with it, were at least six feet in width.

"On this second occasion, we continued to mount the same flight, without any diminution of its width, for three stories; when we found ourselves in a sort of open garret: and close beside the spot where the spiral staircase ended, our guide pointed to a net-work of iron, fastened by a padlock over a hole that sunk deeper below it than the eye could reach. We immediately perceived that the monstrous staircase, we had mounted, wound round this aperture; and consequently, that the castle had been built with a view to this frightful entrance to its vaults. When we again reached the foot of the stairs, our attention was directed to the centre pair of folding-doors: which, it now appeared evident, must open upon the interior and hidden descent. Henry put his hand upon the lock; but the damsel stopped him.

"Il n'y a rien là, Monsieur, vous avez tout vu."

"We persisted, however; and at length, half laughing half scolding at our pertinacity, she permitted us to enter.

"These large and stately doors opened upon a closet, which had much the air of a butler's pantry! but upon examination, we found that it communicated both with the dungeon below and the secret entrance from above. From this arrangement it appears probable, that in some cases, when the unhappy victim, marked for oblivion, was brought into the castle, he was immediately led, by this handsome entrance, into what we may easily suppose might have had the appearance of a small ante-room; and there, without further delay, lowered to his slaughter-house and his tomb."

We now conclude. There is occasional life and spirit and truth in some of the sketches and descriptions in these volumes, but, as a whole, the subject was worn threadbare—the work is too much after the fashion of a Guide Book—such a work was not wanted.

*The Bengal Annual for 1834.* Edited by D. L. Richardson, Esq. Calcutta: S. Smith & Co.

WE regret to find the fifth volume of the Bengal Annual inferior to its predecessor: it contains too great a proportion of what has been aptly termed "drawing-room verses;" and its tales are rather reminiscences of Europe than scenes and impressions of the

gorgeous East. Even 'The Lovers of Bombay,' whose title would lead us to expect something oriental, is a mere repetition of the story of Glencoe and the Pretender's wars, subjects which Scott and his imitators have so completely exhausted, that their names cannot be heard without a yawn. 'The unkindest cut of all' is inflicted by H. M. Parker, whose Oriental Tale in the preceding volume tested the strength of the sides in so many of his Majesty's liege subjects; he has forsworn his allegiance to Momus, and furnished only a wild tragic tale of a Buccaneer. The account of the giant Nuoguz Khan, and Tregear's Oriental Story, possess considerable merit, but they are too long to be extracted. The tragical history of 'Kishen Kowur' illustrates the high but mistaken notions of honour entertained by the Rajpoots. A fierce contest for her hand had devastated the country, and when the war terminated, her death was deemed necessary to secure peace:

"This horrid scheme was powerfully urged by Ameer Khan, who assured the councilmen of the prince that peace could only be established by the total removal of the cause of the war, and that the hand of Kishen Kowur could never be disposed of to any other chief: to all all this he cunningly added, the disgrace that would stigmatize her family, if she lived in it unmarried. And could arguments such as these, we would ask ourselves, succeed in persuading the proudest father to sanction the murder of his only and most lovely daughter? No; for the honour of human nature, let it ever be recorded, that neither fears nor threats could induce the prince to agree to her murder, or even to propose suicide to the unhappy victim; and yet, a woman—and that woman his own sister, the politic Chand Bhye—was gained over, to become the chief instrument in promoting the much-wished-for sacrifice. She well knew the proud and high-spirited temper of her victim: she repaired to her apartment, and laid the whole case before her; she talked of impending disgrace—she entreated her to preserve the honour of her aged father, his family, and his tribe—she urged the folly of shrinking from the evil destiny which her high birth and unhappy stars had long marked out for her. So powerful an appeal was not made in vain; she quickly saw the magic effect it had produced on the mind of the youthful being before her; and she availed herself of this moment of violent excitement to offer a poisoned chalice to the princess, whose small trembling hand raised it to her lips. A second was as easily disposed of; and holding the third and last draught in her hand, (which proved instantly fatal,) she drew up her beautiful form to its full height, and fixing her almost unearthly eyes on the countenance of her fiendish relative, she exclaimed, 'This is the marriage to which I was foredoomed.' The fatal potion was swallowed, and another moment saw the poor girl lifeless on the floor."

We regret that we have found so little to praise in a periodical for whose success we have ever felt an anxious interest.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.*

[Second Notice.]

THE second volume of these memoirs comprises the years intervening between 1785 to 1802. Though it contains much less literary gossip and anecdote than the first—Mrs. More having retired from the gay world before the period to which it refers—we find it interesting if viewed as an illustration of

the spirit of a large and influential party, existing some forty years ago; if we compare, for instance, the open and undisguised horror and aversion of French principles and French politics which it displays, with our present amicable unprejudiced disposition to regard our neighbours with justice and good-will, and to examine, without reserve or false shame, whether there be anything in their customs and institutions which may be beneficially adopted by us.

In this second volume, too, Mrs. More is presented to us under a more favourable aspect than, to our thinking, she wore in the first. Her own letters, it is true, have still too much of the stilted and egotistic in composition about them, in spite of her own declaration:—

"Now to me the epistolary style is what it ought to be, when the writer, by a happy and becoming negligence, has the art of making you believe that he could write a great deal better if he would, but that he has too much judgment to use great exertions on small occasions—he will not draw Ulysses's bow to shoot at a pigeon. It is not, however, that I think letter writing trifling because it is familiar, any more than I think an epigram easy because it is short."

But while we remark the want of self-postponement visible throughout her correspondence—while we protest against many of the compliments paid to her by divines and pious men, as lessening the dignity of both givers and receiver—while we consider the flattery administered to her by one of her friends, who tells her "that the Sacred Dramas excited in her the same kind of devotional feelings as the Scriptures themselves"—as something more serious than ordinary bad taste, we cannot but do justice to the active benevolence which we find engaging her in schemes of charity and education; and if with this there was mingled something too much of over-zeal and self-complacency, we must set against them, for excuse and counterbalance, the temptations administered to her by the great and influential in the shape of praise; and the good she achieved among the rude and the unenlightened.

During the period of time comprised in this volume, Mrs. More's literary works were comparatively few—if we except the Cheap Repository Tracts—some of which, for their life and simplicity, are far more acceptable to us than her graver and more laboured productions. It is hardly possible to read of these without contrasting both their aim and execution with Miss Martineau's series of Stories for the People, and speculating under what form of authorship female activity will manifest itself forty years hence.

But we proceed with our extracts, which will require few words of our own to string them together. A little anecdote concerning Garrick places him in not an unamiable light:—

"I perfectly recollect the candid answer Garrick once made to my inquiry why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both of and to him: Why, *Nine*, he replied, it is very natural; is it not to be expected that he should be angry, that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success?"

We have notices, too, of the Turkish Ambassador and the Swinburnes—and formally lively letters from the renowned Mrs. Montagu—and compliments upon Miss More's

'Florio,' which we beg leave to pass over—here is another anecdote, which is characteristic:—

"I have an Anti-gallican anecdote for you. Just before Sir Joseph Yorke came home from Holland, he was at dinner one day at the Prince of Orange's, where was the Duc de Chartres; this latter behaved with his usual unpoliteness, and took it into his head to ridicule the English ambassador. Finding that Sir Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffoneries, 'Quoi, Monsieur,' said he, 'est-ce que vous ne riez jamais?' 'Rarement, Monseigneur,' replied Sir Joseph, with great coolness. Just at that time, the combined French and Spanish fleets were in the British channel—a new subject for the ill-breeding of the French prince. 'Mais, Monsieur,' says he again, turning to Sir Joseph, 'si notre flotte attaquoit l'Angleterre?' 'Alors, Monseigneur, je rirois,' said Sir Joseph."

Of Mrs. More's judgment in literature we cannot think highly. We find her abusing Gibbon, not only as objectionable on the score of his philosophy, but as unreadable. Of Mrs. Siddons we have only these few dry words: "One day last week I met Mrs. Siddons at dinner. She is a very fine woman, I never saw her before."—Here is a group of the *virtuosi* of those days:—

"I spent a day at Lady Aylesbury's; in the evening there was a concert. It was quite *le temple des beaux arts*. Lady A. works portraits as Raphael paints them; and there was Mrs. Damer, to remind us of her famous dogs of exquisite sculpture. There was my Lord Derby, to talk about his company of Richmond House comedians—(you know Lady Aylesbury is the Duchess of Richmond's mother); Lord Abingdon, and his band of musicians; for it was he who gave us the concert, in which he was the principal performer; and there was General Conway, poet to the dual theatre. It would have made some of the old nobility stare, to have seen so many great personages descended from them, degenerated (as their noble pride would have called), into geniuses, actors, artists, and poets. *Real talent*, however, never degrades."

But we have many letters from Walpole in this volume, which are new to us, and though they are graver than most that flowed from his diamond pen, they are, as usual, imitatively graceful, and her answers to them appear studied and spiritless.

Here is a pleasant passage on the alleged discovery of some new letters of Madame de Sevigné's:—

"In this great discovery of a new mine of Madame de Sevigné's letters, my faith, I confess, is not quite firm. Do people sell houses wholesale without opening their cupboards? This age, too, deals so much in false coinage, that booksellers and Birmingham give equal vent to what is not sterling; with the only difference, that the shillings of the latter pretend the names are effaced, and the wares of the former pass under borrowed names. Have not we seen, besides all the *testaments politiques*, the spurious letters of Ninon de l'Enclos, of Pope Ganganelli, and the memoirs of the Princess Palatine? This is a little mortifying, while we know that there actually exists at Naples a whole library of genuine Greek and Latin authors, most of whom probably have never been in print; and where it is not unnatural to suppose the works of some classics, yet lost, may be in being, and the remainder of some of the best; yet at the rate in which they proceed to unroll, it would take as many centuries to bring them to light, as have elapsed since they were overwhelmed. Nay, another eruption of Vesuvius may return all the volumes to chaos! Omar is stigmatized for burning the library of Alex-

andria—is the king of Naples less a Turk? is not it almost as unconscientious to keep a seraglio of virgin authors under the custody of nurses, as of blooming Circassians? Consider, my dear madam, I am past seventy, or I should not be so ungallant as to make the smallest comparison between the contents of the two Harams. Your picture, which hangs near my elbow, would frown, I am sure, if I had any light meaning."

And the following two passages are almost touching, if sincere:—

"Pretensions to humility I know are generally traps for flattery; but could you know how very low my opinion is of myself, I am sure you would not have used the terms to me you did, and which I will not repeat, as they are by no means applicable to me. If I ever had tinsel parts, age has not only tarnished them, but convinced me how frippery they were.

Sweet are your Cowslips, sour my Strawberry Hill,  
My fruits are fall'n, your blossoms flourish still."

"As you interest yourself about a certain trumpery old person, I with infinite gratitude will add a line on him. He is very tolerably well, weak enough certainly, yet willing to be contented; he is satisfied with knowing he is at his best. Nobody grows stronger at seventy-five, nor recovers the use of limbs half lost; nor, though neither deaf nor blind, nor in the latter most material point at all impaired, nor, as far as he can find on strictly watching himself, much damaged as to common uses in his intellects,—does the gentleman expect to avoid additional decays if his life shall be farther protracted. He has been too fortunate not to be most thankful for the past, and most submissive for what is to come, be it more or less. He forgot to say that the warmth of his heart towards those he loves and esteems has not suffered the least diminution, and consequently he is as fervently as ever Saint Hannah's most sincere friend and humble servant,

"ORFORD."

We shall pick out such few fragments of gossip as are likely to be generally interesting, and with them close our notice.

"I was over-persuaded by Lord and Lady Amherst to go to the trial, and heard Burke's famous oration of three hours and a quarter without intermission. Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard, but it was abusive and vehement beyond all conception. Poor Hastings sitting by and looking so weak, to hear himself called *villain* and *cut-throat*, &c.! The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word, and I did not know whether he might not have died in the exertion of his powers like *Chatham*. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side, and Fox on the other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty, it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his two neighbours, and saw they were quite free from any symptoms of palsy."

"I am in trouble for Mrs. Delany, I was with her on Saturday. She was perfectly well, and gay; but that very night was taken with a fever, and has lain dangerously ill ever since. At eighty-eight, one ought to be more willing to resign her; but all her friends are in as much anxiety about her as if she had not long been preparing for a better life. I picked up some French to-day which will please Harriet Rodd. I saw for the first time in my life the renowned John Wilkes; he is very entertaining; the talk falling upon bad French, he gave us some specimens of the boarding-school French where his daughter was educated. When anybody came

to fetch them home, they used to go up to their governess and say, '*Madame Je suis venu pour.*'"

*Fashionable Entertainment in 1788.*—"Perhaps you do not know that a *Thé* is among the stupid new follies of the winter. You are to invite fifty or a hundred people to come at eight o'clock: there is to be a long table, or little parties at small ones; the cloth is to be laid as at breakfast; every one has a napkin;—tea and coffee are made by the company, as at a public breakfast; the table is covered with rolls, wafers, bread and butter; and what constitutes the very essence of a *Thé*, an immense load of hot buttered rolls and muffins, all admirably contrived to create a nausea in persons fresh from the dinner table. Now of all nations under the sun, as I take it, the English are the greatest fools:—because the Duke of Dorset in Paris, where people dine at two, thought this would be a pretty fashion to introduce; we who dine at six, must adopt this French translation of an English fashion, and fall into it, as if it were an original invention; taking up our own custom at third hand. This will be a short folly."

*A Peep at Pitt.*—"In the midst of all these cares and distractions, a friend of mine called on Pitt the other night. He found him alone, gay and cheerful, his mind totally disengaged from the scenes in which he had passed the day. He was reading Milton aloud with great emphasis, and he said his mind was so totally engaged in Paradise, that he had forgotten there were any people in the world but Adam and Eve. This seems a trifle, but it is an indication of a great mind, so entirely to discharge itself of such a load of care, and to find pleasure in so innocent and sublime an amusement."

Here is a portrait of one whose name is now well nigh forgotten, but whose strange mad doings were the subject of much talk in their day:—

"On Friday I gratified the curiosity of many years, by meeting at dinner Madame la Chevalière D'Eon: she is extremely entertaining, has universal information, wit, vivacity, and gaiety. Something too much of the latter (I have heard) when she has taken a bottle or two of Burgundy; but this being a very sober party, she was kept entirely within the limits of decorum. General Johnson was of the party, and it was ridiculous to hear her military conversation. Sometimes it was, *Quand j'étois Colonel d'un tel régiment*; then again, *Non c'étoit quand j'étois secrétaire d'Ambassade du Duc de Nivernois*; or, *Quand je négociois la paix de Paris*. She is, to be sure, a phenomenon in history, and as such, a great curiosity. But one D'Eon is enough, and one slice of her quite sufficient."

*A French Anecdote.*—"Things are getting worse and worse in France. A lady of quality the other day in Paris, rung her bell, and desired the footman to send up her maid Jeannotte. In vain she rung and rung; the man told her, Jeannotte refused to come; or be any longer under any body. At last Jeannotte walked into the room with a pamphlet open in her hand, and sat down. The lady, astonished, asked her what she meant. '*C'est que je lise*,' said Jeannotte, without taking her eyes off the book. The lady insisted on an explanation of this impertinence. The maid replied with great sang froid, '*Madame, c'est que nous allons tous devenir égaux, et je me prépare pour l'égalité.*' I have conceived an utter aversion to liberty according to the present idea of it in France. What a cruel people they are! A duel was to be fought between two gentlemen a little way from Paris; it was heard of, and people went to it as to a party of pleasure, the account added, *il y avoit trente whiskeys remplis de dames.*'"

*The Countess of Albany.*—"The Bishop carried me one day to London, to hear the King make his speech in the House of Lords. As it

was quite new to me, I was very well entertained, but the thing that was most amusing, was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne, which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the 10th of June, the Pretender's birth-day. I have the honour to be reckoned very much like her, and this opinion was confirmed yesterday, when we met again."

For the rest, her divers correspondences with the Bishops of London and Salisbury, and the Rev. Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper), and the history of 'Bonner's Ghost,' and compliments thereon—and her letters to the late Duchess of Gloucester and to Mr. Wilberforce, describing her charitable undertakings at the villages round Cowslip Green, we must refer our readers to the book itself. We have yet to notice the third and fourth volumes.

*The Deity: a Poem.* By J. Ragg. London: Longman & Co.

We have here to notice the arising of another poet among the people—another of those ardent spirits in whom narrow circumstances and unceasing labour have not been able to quench utterly the spark of living fire; nor wholly to silence that voice, whose speech is not to be mistaken. The class to which he may fairly be said to belong, in virtue of the poem we have here examined, is the object of peculiar sympathy to all endowed with a generous spirit. Such can enter into the solitary musings of the shepherd upon the hills, who beholds visions in the passing clouds, and fancies voices in the winds and waters around him; and utters what he sees and hears in language he can scarcely control; or who pours out his wild spirited ballad, founded on some whisper of tradition he has listened to on the knee of his mother resting after her day's labour. Such can regard with respectful interest the pale mechanic in his lonely garret outwatching the stars, and poring over the few precious leaves, which are more to him than the most sumptuous library to the rich lettered man—and to such we commend the volume before us.

To prove the existence of a Deity—to describe his nature, and to trace the progress of his revelation, is no holiday task; nor is it one easy to accomplish thoroughly in poetry, and to accomplish well. If, therefore, the author has failed, it is because the subject has been too mighty for him—because the undertaking would be a life's labour to one possessed of extensive learning as well as natural gifts—of enlarged and sound philosophy as well as of active imagination. Where he is not didactic or argumentative, our poet is smooth and nervous in his verse, with an enthusiasm which can neither be put on or got up. There is a certain freedom in his use of language, too, which is a sign of good promise. The extract we give from the close of the eighth book, is no more than a fair specimen of his powers:—

The time is drawing on when such a storm  
As never yet has visited the earth,  
Will from the battlements of heaven be flung;  
When vollied thunders shall awake the knell  
Of fallen empires, and departed crowns;  
And the red lightning of Almighty wrath  
Shall paralyse the bold blasphemer's arm,  
And shiver into pieces the broad sword  
Of his rebellion. Even now, in pledge,

The drizzling rain of heaven's loud-utter'd curse  
Is on us beating down. Death has begun  
His work; and, preying on the outward frame,  
Gives time for meditation, ere the day  
Of everlasting destiny arrive.  
Yet there is refuge; yet a hiding place,  
A covert from the tempest; mercy's arms  
Are open to receive who'er will come,  
And shield them in her bosom. While the thread  
Of life is yet unbroken, while its flame  
Is unextinguish'd by the damps of death,  
While yet its tide is flowing, while its sun  
Appears above the horizon's western verge,  
Hope smiles delightful in the firmament;  
But loses lustre in its closing hour,  
And vanishes when that cold gripping hand  
Which petrifies once warm and vigorous frames,  
Freezes the life-blood with its chilly touch.  
Wake then, O slumberer! wake! ere all is lost!  
And flee for refuge from that bursting wrath  
Which ever more will be 'the wrath to come.'

We cannot but wish that some of these poets would be contented to attempt less wide and momentous themes, and let their genius work upon the objects and images more immediately around them. There is spirit as well as sense in every occurrence of our daily life. Why should we not have songs for the people—of the harvest—of the loom—of the mine—of the forest? "If," says Goethe, in his criticism upon Voss, "we could picture to ourselves that a harper were present at the corn, hay, and potato harvest: if we recollected how he might make the men whom he gathered around him observant of that which seems to them as ordinary and familiar; if by his manner of regarding it, by his poetical expression, he elevated the common, and heightened every gift of nature by his dignified representation of it, we might truly say he would be a real benefactor to his country. For the first stage of a true enlightenment is, that man should reflect upon his condition and circumstances. Let the song of the potato be sung in the field, where the wondrous mode of increase, which calls even the man of science to high and curious meditation, after the long and silent working and interweaving of the vegetable powers comes to view, and a quite unintelligible blessing springs out of the earth; and then first will be felt the merit of this and similar poems, in which the poet essays to awaken the rude, reckless, unobservant man, who takes every thing for granted, to an attentive observation of the high wonders of all-nourishing nature, by which he is constantly surrounded." We wish that some of our writers would lay this excellent wisdom to heart.

*Reise nach Oesterreich im Sommer 1831—[A Journey to Austria, in the Summer of 1831].* By Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart and Tübingen, Cotta; London, Bach & Co.

We some time since introduced to the British public this bold and original thinker, in literature as in politics, by a brief notice of his somewhat heterodox work upon German literature, which we nevertheless thought, and think, better suited to English taste than most German productions of the kind; and we opened his Austrian journey with confident expectations of deriving therefrom both information and amusement. These expectations were confirmed by the preface, which tells us—

Austria resembles her own Danube. Although this river, in contradistinction to the other European rivers, runs backwards, its waters nevertheless reach the Atlantic Ocean, through the Euxine and Mediterranean seas.



It will be most gratifying to me, if the following pages can help to dissipate the prejudices against the Austrians entertained throughout the rest of Germany. This right-honest and amiable people are now just what Joseph II. wished to make them. They have gradually Josephied themselves, and are far more enlightened than is usually supposed, or thought safe to assert. In the exterior and less privileged provinces, experience and necessity—in the fortunate centre, reading and scientific cultivation—have played the schoolmistress, whose lessons neither censorship nor secret police have interrupted.—[That seems odd, with respect to reading and the censorship. What else is the censorship for?]—I confess that remarks of this kind were to me more important than the sneering search after the stick-and-stagnation system, which hundreds of authors have already painted in the blackest of black colours.

If the book has not fully answered to these expectations, it is not because the author does not graphically and spiritedly delineate what he saw, but simply because he saw so little. He went straight from Stuttgart to Vienna, and appears to have sojourned in that city only for a short time during the unfashionable season, when the theatre was closed and the Prater deserted, returning straight to Würtemberg for fear of the cholera. Still the volume will afford a few extracts worth reading, and our first shall be illustrative of the remarks in the preface respecting the improvement in liberality of Austria. Our author travelled by the *postwagen*, or stage-coach, and records a conversation that occurred, as the carriage approached the Austrian frontiers, between himself and an old gentleman, who expatiated on what he would do for Germany were he only Charlemagne II.; to which our author replied:

"That is all admirable in idea, my dear sir; but you and I, as we sit here in the *postwagen*, must even let the world run the course that we cannot alter!"

A young doctor, from Leipzig, who had hitherto listened most uneasily, inasmuch as such conversation in the vicinity of the Austrian frontier appeared to him highly perilous, now suddenly assumed a friendly aspect, in the idea that my observation was designed to break off the discourse. He stammered out, "Yes; and especially just now it were best not to talk politics. You assuredly know—"

The old gentleman interrupted him with, "I know nothing, but that the world is turned topsyturvy; that, now-a-days, age is wild, and youth tame; that grey-beard Philistines\* fight duels, and the students are poltroons."

I drew him off from the doctor, by saying, "But, to return to our subject, do you then really believe, good sir, that your dreams will be fulfilled?" \* \* \*

"Hush! hush! Here, at least, no discussion, for God's sake!" exclaimed the young Leipzig doctor; "you will ruin us all. Do you not see that the customhouse officer is already in motion, with his lantern?" We had actually stopped at the barrier, and the man with the lantern was there, but he did nothing to the young doctor, who till that moment had been blowing away gigantic clouds of tobacco with the whole force of his lungs, lest he should take some contraband remnant across the dangerous frontier in his box.

For my own part, I found the Austrian customhouse like the Austrian port, as civil as any in the world; and, during my whole journey in

Austria, never was in the least annoyed in that respect; which I here gratefully note down, as a tribute to truth.

Neither did any one particularly object to discussion. At the supper table at Salzburg, and everywhere along the road, politics were talked with a careless freedom that quite spoiled the Leipzig doctor's appetite.

At Salzburg, which, it will be remembered, was assigned to Austria by the Vienna congress, the *postwagen* stopped for the night; and at daybreak Menzel went forth to admire the magnificent view, and to meditate upon the future prospects of Germany.

Whilst gazing upon the lofty Alpine ridge, I pursued such reflections. I heard the clank of chains behind me; and, looking round, saw men in irons, guarded by soldiers, coming down from the turrets of the strong castle. Zwing-Ur† was before me. The prisoners were mountaineers, in the country garb, with a haughty carriage, and fine audacious eyes; their guards, in the Imperial white uniform, looked neither less handsome nor less audacious. They were Galicians. I heard that the castle was crammed full of such prisoners, and that they were deserters and refractory soldiers, all Salzburgers and Tyrolese, who found it intolerable to serve under the Austrian cane, far away from their beautiful mountains. It was added, that their numbers had lately so increased, that in order to avoid exciting attention by frequent severe punishments, many were sent home. The Salzburg garrison consisted of two Polish regiments.

As I descended at hap-hazard on the other side of the town, a wall obstructed my view. A pretty girl pointed-out a closed door at which I might ring. I bade her precede me, to which she answered, laughing, that she must not set the house on fire. I did not understand her, until a grey-bearded Capuchin opened the door, and, spying the pretty damsel, dragged me hastily in, whilst he shut the door in her face. I told the reverend porter that I wished to enjoy the prospect from his monastery; whereupon he called a Father, a tall monk, of awe-inspiring carriage, and dignified propriety of manner. This monk led me round the garden; and after he had inquired who and what I might be, it appeared that he was well acquainted with modern literature, and with my own writings. His opinions concerning the existing factions and sects in theology, as well as some striking phenomena thereunto relating, as the revival of Swedenborgianism, &c., were judicious, and showed general information.

The *Postwagen* proceeds on its way towards Vienna; and Menzel observes—

Our course was unfortunately too rapid to allow of precise observations upon the population of Austria. I thought the race handsome—indeed handsomer between Salzburg and Linz, than at the latter place, although the beauty of the Linz women is generally extolled. But one circumstance struck me disagreeably. The loveliest girls that we met as far as Vöklabück, (half way between Salzburg and Linz,) showed gaps in their mouths, having mostly lost their front teeth. This is ascribed to the water of the country. At Linz that was no longer the case. The men, likewise, are for the greater part handsome in Upper Austria. The country people were everywhere busy in their fields and meadows. They looked universally clean and jovial—comfort and good looks seeming to increase as we approached Vienna.

Already Austria above the Enns makes a pleasing impression; but below the Enns it appears a blessed, luxuriant country, full of wealth, life, and happiness. \* \* \*

At Vienna, even without a constitution, we find representatives of all the different races, in whose several languages the Emperor is prayed for. \* \* \*

The genuine Austrian, whom foreigners fancy so phlegmatic, is the liveliest fellow in the world. His *vis inertia* is wholly political; but thus qualified, it is so strong as to control the energies of all the surrounding nations. The Austrians live as on a happy island, without knowing that this island is the loadstone mountain which polarizes the lance, sabre, and dagger points of Magyars,† Slavonians, Tschenehen,‡ and Lombards. \* \* \*

All the nations subject to Austria have countenances more intellectual and impressive than the Austrians themselves. But in the giant forms sent forth from the Styrian mountains—in the muscular strength and flashing eyes of the Tyrolese—and lastly, in the eternal bloom of youth of the Lower Austrian flesh, we discover a fulness of nature, which all the passions and all the intellectual energy of their neighbours are unable to wear out, to influence, or control.

The Austrian has, in common with the Swabian, that intellectual depth which constitutes the lyric element. But herein do these two South German races differ; that the Swabian loves austere, moral earnestness, and is an enthusiast of Schiller's idealism; whilst the Austrian delights in the mirthful and comic, being moreover an Epicurean. The Swabian has a genial seriousness; the Austrian a genial drollery.

A striking contrast to the unimpassioned, serene aspect of the Austrians, is afforded by the dark and expressive faces of the Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians, which, however, differ greatly from each other. The Hungarian has a staidness in his proud and handsome port and countenance, which, fiery as he inwardly is, reminds us of the oriental phlegm;—the Italian, like the Pole, makes more display of his fire in his look and demeanour;—the Bohemian appears completely oppressed and revengeful; and if I ever saw a right dissatisfied face in the gayest town in the world, it was sure to be a Bohemian's.

I will not here mention Turks, Greeks, Armenians, &c., although I retain a beautiful recollection of a noble Greek lady.

Most of the literary stars who usually adorn the Vienna hemisphere, were out of town for the summer during Menzel's visit; but he found there Von Hammer, the great Orientalist, and historian of the Osmanli; Count Mailath, the Hungarian historian of the Magyars; and the highly-gifted tragic poet Grillparzer. Of the literary society of Vienna, he further tells us—

It may not perhaps be known to all readers, that some years ago the greater part of the poets, artists, and actors, of distinguished talent, resident at Vienna, were united in a harmless society, bearing the name of Ludlam's Höhle, or Ludlam's cave, and in which the genuine Vienna drollery reigned in unbridled joyousness. But the very form of an exclusive society sufficed to render the Ludlam's cave suspicious in the eyes of the high police, and suddenly it was closed to all eternity with the seal of Solomonian wisdom; whilst the members were compelled to swear that they would submit to perpetual exile. Since then the merry set meet only as it happens, and at occasional evening parties; but their mirth could not be prohibited. And a glad observation was it to me, that the Viennese litterati agree so much better together than the litterati of other parts of Germany. Open enmity I found none, and but very slight traces of secret jealousies—a spirit of concord that does honour to Viennese genius.

This conciliating temper of the Viennese

\* Philistine is the slang name given by University students to the sober citizens of the University town, or rather, perhaps, to all the world except themselves.

† A Swiss fortress, celebrated in the History of Switzerland, and in Schiller's tragedy of *Wilhelm Tell*.

‡ The names of the Hungarians and Bohemians, in their respective mother tongues.

*genus irritabile*, is further confirmed by the kindly reception which our author experienced from Grillparzer, whom he, as a professional reviewer, had cruelly, and, in our opinion, unjustly, cut up; and, indeed, Menzel himself seems to have suspected as much, after making the acquaintance of the man, for he thereupon develops a very subtle theory, proving that Grillparzer, who, born elsewhere, would have been another Schiller, could do no better under Austrian censorship, &c. But this discussion can interest only persons well acquainted with the author in question, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with either that, or the list of Viennese poets, but lay this too short tour aside, wishing that the gifted traveller may soon take another more excursive trip into Austria, and extend it to Hungary.

*Treatise on the Progress of Literature, and its Effects on Society.* Edinburgh: Black; London, Longman & Co.

THIS very able commentary on the progress of literature is manifestly the production of one who has read much, and thought more. He regards literature as the best criterion by which we can estimate the character of an age or nation; including in the term, all those works of which man can be the subject or the object. In this sense of the word, mental and moral philosophy, the principles of government, and practical politics, are not simply included in the term literature, but form its very essence; and poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts, are rather the modes of its appearance, than literature itself. This is a distinction of which we too often lose sight; the literary spirit of an age is always the philosophy of that age, and the form of the literature is not merely accidental, but is suggested, perhaps created, by the scope and aim of the prevalent philosophy. Thus dramatic poetry flourished most in the brief and brilliant age of Grecian liberty, because it was almost the only species of literature that could reach the people at large by means of public exhibitions, and the scope of the philosophy in that age was the acquisition of the knowledge of the motives by which human actions are influenced. For the same reason, we find eloquence diligently cultivated, and political discussion almost wholly unknown; for eloquence is the address of an educated man to an unenlightened audience, whose actions he seeks to guide by inspiring them with confidence in his superior abilities, not by showing that his objects will conduce to their prosperity.

Applying these principles to British literature, the author marks, as one of its leading characteristics, the individuality with which persons of the lower ranks are invested by modern poets; a proof that modern philosophy directs its attention to the operative class, and regards it as the true strength of society. The parasite, the intriguing slave, or the harsh slave-merchant, is a mere generality in the ancient drama; he might be removed from one play to another, or from one satire to another, without any dislocation to the piece; but it needs not to say how different is the case with mine host of the Tabard, mine host of the Garter, the boasting Parolles, or his rival, the Ancient Pistol.

To the very limited number of literary

men, and their exclusive devotion to classical studies, our author attributes the slow progress of every branch of literature, when compared with the drama, in England, before the commencement of the great civil war; and to the same cause he attributes the prevalence of euphuism, or a taste for learned and ingenious conceits during the reign of Elizabeth and James I. But when a contest arose in which men's interests were deeply concerned, and their passions excited, everything artificial and trifling was felt to be an impertinence. The writers selected as instances of this great change, are Clarendon and Mrs. Hutchinson, whose characters are drawn with skill and discrimination:—

“Clarendon, though his history was written after the Restoration, must be considered in a great measure as a writer of the preceding period, because his character as a man, an author, and a statesman were formed before or during the progress of the civil war. But how free his style is from conceit and affectation! He writes with a stately grandeur and energy becoming the importance of his subject, and with the earnestness of a person who is too much occupied with his matter to descend to any pretensions of manner. His style, however, is not popular. His narrative is often prolix, and moves cumbrously under the weight of manifestos and declarations. His work bears the marks of being addressed to scholars and statesmen, and does not aim at that lightness of narrative or facility of style which would have been necessary to catch the taste of general readers. It is probable that his habits of writing were formed in the earlier period of Charles's reign, when the general readers of such works were not numerous, and when popularity of style was therefore little cultivated, although the subjects which he discusses had then become of such practical importance, that it was necessary to treat them with business-like simplicity and seriousness. Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs may be cited as a specimen of the style of private memoirs adopted by those writers whose habits of thinking were formed during the civil wars. With almost as much fulness and discrimination as Clarendon in depicting characters, she preserves nearly the same stately gravity of style, which, like a slight veil, serves rather to heighten than conceal the frequent outbursts of that fervent and zealous affection and enthusiasm, which appear to have directed the life of this extraordinary woman. Her style, from the carelessness natural to one who was not an habitual writer, and whose works were never intended for the public, exhibits, in a striking degree, a fault which was more or less prevalent among all the writers of that period, viz. that they are apt to present a complicated series of thought *en masse*, as it passed through their own minds, without giving that minute analysis of it into distinct parts, which is necessary to bring the whole distinctly under the view of ordinary readers.”

Milton is described as formed by the political events of his day: we should rather say, that he was a representative of its best spirit; the problem to be solved by the civil war included man's eternal as well as his temporal interests, and though we may not rate very high the knowledge brought to the discussion, which yet was greater than the present generation seems willing to allow, we cannot deny the zeal, the earnestness, and the fearless honesty displayed by many on both sides of the question. There is a lofty consciousness of man's high destinies, a feeling of the responsibility under which

his energies are exerted, and an exhibition of a conflict between superhuman passions, in the ‘Paradise Lost,’ belonging to a contest which avowedly involved man's hopes of heaven, as well as his interests on earth.

The blighting effects of the Restoration are powerfully portrayed; but the author insinuates,—what indeed he might have broadly stated,—that much of its epicurean trifling was a natural relaxation from the excessive strain on the mind in the preceding age. The portraits of the wits in Queen Anne's reign are drawn with a free and lively pencil, but we think that the poets who flourished in the decline of the artificial school, or rather who commenced the revolution which brought writers to look at nature in her ordinary garb, divested of adventitious ornaments, have not received a full measure of justice. Young we resign without a struggle, but we cannot forget Akenside's Salvator-Rosa-like pictures of external nature, or Thomson's rural landscape. Akenside especially merited notice, because he was the first to show how pure a philosophy is suggested by the simple contemplation of physical objects.

The practical tendency of the human mind in the present day is at once explained and defended in the following paragraph:—

“But there is also, in these times, an incessant demand for the facts, which history or travelling disclose to us, with regard to past ages and distant nations, as affording the only sure foundation of political or philosophical reasoning. The delineations already alluded to are, after all, only plausible theories of the past course of society; the facts alone from which those theories are formed can be safely appealed to in argument. But it is evident, that the more the views of the public have been enlarged to a contemplation of the principles applicable to society in general, the keener must be their curiosity with regard to the history or actual condition of mankind in all times and situations, since no fact can be disclosed on this subject, without throwing light on the human character at one period or another of its progress. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that the public interest is becoming every day more awake to the past history or present condition of every class or division of our species, and that, hence, the researches of historians and travellers, stimulated by public curiosity, are daily enlarging their sphere, and increasing in vigilance and accuracy. In short, in proportion as public intelligence extends, the principles of philosophy are brought more within the reach of the people, or rather the public mind is elevated to the level of philosophy: its discussions being addressed, more than they were before, to the people at large, become more useful and practical in their tendency, without becoming less subtle or profound: the immense store of practical information which is accumulated affords a wider and surer basis for general reasonings, and, at the same time, presents a greater diversity of subjects for its application; and the imagination, both of the people and their instructors, taking a higher flight, and embracing a wider range, in proportion as their intellects become more active and more diversified as to the objects on which they are exerted, all the arts which belong to the imagination become richer in their materials, and more vigorous, as well as more comprehensive, in their exertions, than in former times, when the sources of general interest were comparatively limited, and the human heart itself less open to the numberless excitements capable of acting upon it, which are now to be found within the wide range of society and nature.”



It is unnecessary to make further extracts from a work, the whole of which merits to be read with the utmost attention. Sure we are, that all who study its pages will come the wiser from their perusal.

*Mémoires de Mirabeau*—[*Memoirs of Mirabeau*]. Vols. III. & IV. Paris: Guyot; London, Dulau.

THE third volume of this work is entirely filled with an account of the differences between Mirabeau and his father. There is an extraordinary degree of originality and power in the letters of the latter—a man of fiery temperament, and tyrannical disposition—especially where he describes the failings of his son; but they show a bitterness of spirit, and of paternal hatred, which makes us turn from them with abhorrence.

The fourth volume brings us down to the period when Mirabeau first appeared as a star in the political horizon. Though still a young man, he was already old in experience: he had paid the penalty of his youthful follies, the effects of a vicious education acting on an ardent temper; and he had experienced in his own person the capricious and persecuting spirit of despotism. As a captive and an exile, he had suffered much, and imbibed a horror of absolute governments. When, therefore, the French revolution broke out, and his gigantic powers of mind were brought into full play, he had already distinguished himself by works on government—on external and internal policy—on finance—and on other subjects of political interest.

It is generally believed that Mirabeau was a man whose resources lay solely in the vigour of his mind, and in the power of his imagination—that, being constitutionally unable seriously to devote himself to study, he was obliged to rely upon others for that information which he himself wanted: this would appear to be altogether erroneous. No man, it must be admitted, better knew how to avail himself of the talents of others, or to produce in his own energetic language ideas conceived by those incapable of putting them into form; but few were more diligent in search after information, and few read with greater assiduity. As a proof of this, we need only mention his labours during the three years and a half he was confined in the Donjon of Vincennes, where, exclusive of his 'Lettres à Sophie,' he is said to have translated into French, Homer, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, Johannes Secundus, Tasso's *Aminta*, and *Boccaccio*; in addition to which, he wrote a *Treatise on Mythology*, a general grammar, an *Essay on Literature*, a drama, a tragedy, a collection of prose elegies, a dissertation on the use of regular troops, another on the obedience due to governments, a third on religious houses, a collection of tales, his 'Lettres de cachet et des prisons d'état,' his 'Espion dévalisé,' his 'Erotica Biblion,' and 'La Conversion.'

The two latter, it is true, are a disgrace to his pen; "but," says the compiler of these *Mémoires*, "these productions did not come from the prisoner's hands such as they now appear to the fortunately few readers who see them. They have been falsified by covetous publishers, and disgusting additions made to them, as is proved by fragments of the former work, and the autograph manuscript of the latter, which we possess."

After Mirabeau's liberation, and during his exile in England and Prussia, he was constantly occupied, and the works he produced within this period, together with the variety of topics they embrace, prove not only vast information, but extreme diligence of research.

His visit to this country took place under circumstances of severe disappointment, and he was disposed as much to admire every thing he saw as to make comparisons unfavourable to France. The following account of his impressions, during his journey to London, though it perhaps savours of the prejudices of a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, is interesting:—

The approaches to London (he observes) are of extreme rural beauty, of which even Holland does not furnish any models. I should rather compare them to some of the valleys in Switzerland. It is a remarkable observation, made by every experienced eye, that this dominating people are, above all things, agriculturists in the bosom of their island; and it is this which has so long preserved them from the effects of their own delirium. I was strongly and deeply affected as I passed through these cultivated and prosperous tracts; and I asked myself why I experienced this emotion so new to me. These country seats are mere cottages compared with ours; and several parts of France, even in its worst provinces, and the whole of Normandy, through which I lately passed, are assuredly superior in natural beauty to these fertile plains. In our own country are to be found, here and there, sumptuous edifices, great public works, and traces of the most prodigious of human efforts; and yet the country I am in delights me more than all those things astonish me. It is because in England nature is improved and not forced—it is because these narrow, but excellent, roads do not remind me of forced public labour, except to grieve for those countries in which it exists—it is because this admirable cultivation announces the respect paid to property—it is because this care, and this universal order are a speaking symptom of welfare—it is because all these rural riches are in nature, near to nature, according to nature, and do not betray, like magnificent houses surrounded by hovels, the excessive inequality of fortunes, which is the source of so many evils—it is because everything tells me that here the people are something—that here every man has the development and free exercise of his faculties, and that I am living in a different order of things.

Mirabeau, shortly after, had somewhat changed his opinions, as will be seen in the following extract from one of his letters to Champfort:—

I am not an enthusiast in favour of England; and I now know sufficient to tell you, that, if its constitution is the best of known constitutions, its government is the worst possible; and that if an Englishman is the freest social man upon earth, the English people collectively are the least free of any nation. But what is freedom, since the small portion of it found in one or two laws, places in the first rank a people so little favoured by nature? What may not a constitution do, since that of England, though incomplete and defective, preserves, and will preserve for some time to come, the most corrupt nation in the world, from its own corruption? What may not be the influence of a small number of principles favourable to the human species, when this people, ignorant, superstitious, headstrong, (for they are all these,) covetous, and approaching very near to Punic faith, are superior to most nations under the sun, because they have a little civil liberty?

There is one other letter of Mirabeau's, dated 8th of March, 1785, from which we also give an extract.

The very day after your departure, I had a serious alarm, which has not diminished my sadness. The plague was thought to be in London, and you may judge whether I did not bless Providence that you were gone. But, consider also to what anguish I should have known you to have been a prey, if that dreadful scourge had really appeared here, intercepted all correspondence with the rest of the world, and left me in a theatre of death and devastation, without your having any human means, I will not say, of bringing me relief, but of ascertaining my existence or my death. The horrible fears which precipitately drove many families from the metropolis, were fortunately quieted almost as soon as conceived; but I passed a cruel day and a cruel night, not at all alleviated by the necessity of concealing my alarm from you. The cause of it was this. A woman, attacked with putrid fever, characterized by symptoms of the most alarming kind, was taken to—hospital, and in the course of the day the contagion carried off three patients, and likewise the surgeon who attended the woman. A guard was immediately stationed at the hospital; walling up the infected ward was talked of, as well as a cordon of troops round the building. Fortunately, no one died on the following day, at least in the suspected ward, and the alarm subsided. Thus, I had the pretence for immediately setting out after you; but, besides the plague not being, in my judgment, the nearest danger, how could I have abandoned a country upon which so dreadful a calamity had fallen? I am aware that, being neither a public man nor an Englishman, I was not bound to consider Great Britain as my post, although fate had led me thither at such a moment. But I fear this is more of an evasion than a reason. Though not an Englishman, I am a man; and whoever loses not his presence of mind, becomes a public man on a day of scourge. Besides, Elliot† is so thoroughly my brother, I owe him so full and tender a devotedness, and he would have found himself in so cruel an embarrassment, being the only man in his family, which is composed, with the exception of himself, of women and children, that I should not have had the courage to desert him.

The following is a spirited, though brief, account by Mirabeau of one of his interviews with Frederick the Great:—

I was with the King an hour all but a few minutes. He was seated in his arm-chair, for his morning ride had fatigued him. It had been so rapid, that two of his draft horses were killed in following him. It is impossible to imagine a clearer head, and a more delightful conversation; but I could not enjoy the latter at my ease. The extreme difficulty with which the King breathes, pained me more than it did him. A great man suffering bodily pain, is always an affecting sight! The nature of his complaint is such, and my emotion was so great, that I feared developments, and avoided even the subject of superstition, which, at any other time, would have made me very happy. You understand this feeling, and I care little whether many persons understand it or not. Be that as it may, this extraordinary man will reign to the end, and the sun will retard this end. I set out this evening after having seen numerous gardens and gildings, a few good pictures, several beautiful antiques, and some courtiers; and, amid all these things, nothing struck me so forcibly as this man, highly raised above the station in which fate has placed him, after having formed him on purpose to fill that station. But I am truly glad at having seen this living proof of what may be done in sand: perhaps some other mo-

† Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Earl of Minto.

narch will profit by it, and have something besides lakes and statues. Tell Dohm that we had plenty of talk about the Jews and toleration. I would not advise fanatics to come in contact with this king.

We conclude with an extract, which gives a good idea of the simplicity of Mirabeau's habits, and the amiableness of his disposition.

He was prodigiously occupied at Berlin. He often went to bed at one o'clock in the morning, and was up again at five, though in the middle of winter, and in so cold a climate as that of Prussia. At this hour of the morning, without any clothing but a dressing-gown, without stockings or waistcoat, he would sit down to work, and not even call up his servant to light him a fire. Besides his correspondence in cipher, and this took up a great deal of his time, he worked assiduously at his book on the Prussian Monarchy, which appeared in 1788. In the evening, when he did not go out, he amused himself like a child with the Baron de Nolde, and his own secretary. It was who should play the other the most tricks. Mirabeau, however, was the most spared; not, indeed, from any respect towards him as master of the house, but because, being the strongest, the others were afraid of him. He had a valet-de-chambre, named Boyer, a good-tempered fellow, though somewhat of a scamp. This man had got up a species of *Ombres Chinoises*, and played comedies. The child and I did not always honour the performance with our presence; but when we did, I gave notice of it in the morning. The scenes were then prepared accordingly, and all that was too free was omitted. Boyer was always vexed at this, and complained that it destroyed the wit of his piece; but when Mirabeau said, "Take care of your ears, if the Countess is not satisfied," he was forced to obey.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'The Man of Honour, and The Reclaimed.'*—We cannot say much in commendation of these tales. The first is a *fade* fashionable story of a *roué*, whose inconceivable coolness, impudence, and heartlessness carry him through a variety of adventures—but wreck him at last. He dies (very fortunately) in a duel, just when every chance for retrieving his fortunes had failed him. The second tale has a more intricate though less natural plot—in fact, there is something so extraordinary in a young gentleman choosing to confide the history of his vices (comprising murder and other deadly sins), to an innocent young lady, that we cannot make up our minds to it in any way. Nor is there much delineation of character to atone for the defects of the stories—more has been attempted than is carried into effect; in fact, when we have said that we believe they have been written with good intentions, we have exhausted all that we have to say in their praise.

*'English Scenes and English Civilization, or Sketches and Traits of the Nineteenth Century.'*—This is a yet more hopeless book than the foregoing. We tried it once—twice—thrice,—but more than one volume we could not master. "Sham upon sham," says Dr. Wheeler, in *'Mannœuvring'*, "is too much for any man;" and one insipid picture of a country neighbourhood after another, made us first yawn, and then fret, and lastly, run to Miss Austen's *'Emma'* for sunshine and comfort. It requires a deeper knowledge of human nature than is possessed by the author of these volumes, to make the doings and habits of common-place people appear interesting when written in a book: a dull lecture upon a handful of grains of sand would put the most eager of students to sleep. We love, and are interested in every faithful picture of human life, whatever be its

aspect, and have a particular fondness for those pen and ink drawings in which some of our writers have reached such rare excellence; but we cannot like these *'English Scenes'*, because we really could not read them.

*'Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters,'* by the author of *'Vathek,'* a New Edition. —The success of Mr. Beckford's prose poem recently published, (a book upon the remembrance of which we yet linger with delight,) has made all former works of its accomplished author matters of interest in the eyes of the public, and led to the republication of this little volume, which abounds in delicate and vivid satire couched in choice language. The admirers of the elaborate paintings of Mieris and other artists of the Flemish school, will look rather foolish, we imagine, when they read the memoirs of the pains-taking, and patient Watersouchy. All the biographies are lively and amusing, but we hope that Mr. Beckford will allow his publisher to draw upon his stores for some new original work, and we trust not to have to hope in vain.

*'Poems,'* by the Rev. W. H. Charlton, A.M. —*'Judge Not; and other poems,'* by Edmund Peel. —Two volumes of verse, full of kindly feeling and excellent sentiments, so nearly equal in degree and class of merit, as naturally to be noticed and commended together. Mr. Charlton's preface, however, is the simpler of the two, and our feelings answer its appeal more readily, than they reply to Mr. Peel's confidence in his own good intentions. The publication of both volumes will gratify many friends, who may wish to possess the poems of their kinsman or intimate in a less perishable form than manuscript, and can give no offence to any of the world of readers.

*'Anderson's Guide to the Highlands.'* —*'The Stranger's Guide to Cheltenham,'* by Henry Davis. Second Edition. —*'A Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire,'* by E. Baines, Jun. Third Edition. —These three books set us a-lonnging. The first, which is most copiously and praise-worthy minute, is, perhaps the most inviting, for after the wear and tear of a London season, we have no wish to go and act its gaieties over again at a watering-place, though Mr. Davies makes Cheltenham appear tempting in our eyes. The wilder the scene, the more welcome to us by contrast, and this leads us to prefer the Scotch Highlands to the Cumberland Lakes, whose beauties are described by Mr. Baines *con amore*. We must shut all the three books, lest we grow discontented.

*'Cataract; its Nature and Treatment,'* by J. Stevenson, Esq. Oculist to his Majesty, &c. &c. —*'An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb,'* by J. H. Curtis, Esq. Aurist to his Majesty, &c. &c. —We were rather at a loss to know why these two works were ever written, until we turned to the concluding pages of each, where we discovered that there was an Eye Infirmary and an Ear Infirmary—that Mr. Stevenson was "founder and superintendent" of the former, Mr. Curtis "Director and Surgeon" to the latter, and that donations, and subscriptions to each would be thankfully received, and acknowledged by the unnamed gentlemen, &c. &c. We do not know that it is necessary we should say anything further, respecting matters so entirely personal to the two gentlemen concerned; yet it may be expected that we should give some opinion as to the merits of their works. Mr. Stevenson states his object to be the diffusion of popular information on the subject of which he treats, and we think he has gone towards his end in a plain common sense manner; we doubt however, whether his end, even if gained, would be of much importance, as cataract is one of those diseases, against which it is impossible to guard by any precautions, and for which we believe there is no remedy but a surgical opera-

tion. We should perhaps add, that Mr. Stevenson is himself of the same opinion, and in reviewing a contrary statement put forward in a former publication by Mr. Curtis, (who, it appears, knows as much of the Eye as he does of the Ear,) he has satisfactorily shown that that gentleman, who asserts that he has discovered a means of curing cataract without operation, actually does not know what cataract is!—Of Mr. Curtis, we shall only say, that if he is not a quack, he takes infinite pains to appear such; and that had the governors and friends of his society, in place of the gold medal which they gave him, and which we find duly represented at the head of his dedication, presented him with a neatly bound copy of Lindley Murray's interesting little work on English Grammar, they would have shown their own high discrimination, and afforded him the means, if duly seconded by his own exertions, of attaining within a very few years the enviable distinction of being able to write a work, which should appear worthy of being criticized in the *Athenæum*.

*'Light the Essence of Matter,'* by Samuel James. —Mr. James should know, that the "philosophic world" to which he presents what he calls "his new theory concerning light" cannot possibly afford time to notice a few crude ideas thrown together at random, and unsupported, even by an attempt at demonstration. He certainly apologizes for not having made experiments on the subject, and alleges want of time, of health, and of opportunity; we would suggest to him in all kindness, that he should rather consider these as reasons for not publishing, and that facts, not theories, are required by the "philosophic world" in the present day.

*'Outline of the Geology of the neighbourhood of Cheltenham,'* by Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S. &c. —This is a brief but accurate sketch of the geological formations to be found in the vicinity of Cheltenham; it is from the pen of the vice-president of the Geological Society of London.

*'The Pocket Medical Guide.'* —We never knew books of family medicine of use to any one but the family apothecary.

*'Dublin Penny Journal,'* Vol. II. —We rejoice in the success of this very interesting periodical; it is a strictly national work, and its elucidations of Irish antiquities are replete with entertainment and information. It contains several legends illustrative of popular superstitions, and tales of Irish life, which display great graphic skill, and an accurate knowledge of the feelings and character of the peasantry in the sister kingdom.

*'Pollack's New Guide to Edinburgh.'* —A useful little work, prettily illustrated.

*'Visit to London.'* —Young folks in the country, who wish to know something of the wonders of the metropolis, cannot have a more entertaining work on the subject than this neat little volume.

*'Rodwell's Geography of the British Isles.'* —This work, written in the form of a dialogue between a mother and her children, not only contains a good geographical account of the British Islands, but a varied and valuable collection of historical and biographical anecdotes, from which both young and old may derive amusement and instruction.

*'Tablets of Useful Knowledge.'* —These tablets are lithographed, and their price is three shillings: they ought to have been printed and sold for three pence.

*'A Pre-existing State proved.'* —The author has proved nothing in this pamphlet except his own incompetency to write upon such a subject.

*'Samuel, or, First Religious Lessons.'* —The design of this work is infinitely superior to its execution; but the mysteries of religion which the author tries to explain, are far above the comprehension of children.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

A BYRONIAN RAMBLE.—PART I.  
ANNESLEY HALL AND HUCKNALL.

EARLY in the spring of 1834, we walked over from Nottingham to see Annesley Hall, the birth-place and patrimony of Mary Chaworth, a place made of immortal interest by the early attachment of Lord Byron to this lady, and by the graphic strength and deep passion with which he has recorded, in his poems, this most influential circumstance of his youth.

Annesley lies about nine miles north of Nottingham, itself the scene of his first and most lasting attachment—Newstead his patrimonial abode, and Hucknall his burial-place forming the three points of a triangle, each of whose sides may be about two miles in length. Yet, although Newstead and Hucknall have been visited by shoals of admirers, this place, perhaps altogether the most interesting of the three, has been wholly neglected. Few, or none of them have thought it worth while to go so little out of their way to see it; perhaps not one in a hundred has known that it was so near; probably to those who inquired about it, it might be replied, "You see that wooded ridge, there lies Annesley—you see all that is worth seeing—it is a poor tumble-down place;" and so they have been satisfied, and have returned in their wisdom to their own place, at a hundred or a thousand miles distance. But what is still more remarkable, while Mr. Murray has sent down an artist into this neighbourhood to make drawings of Hucknall Church and Newstead, for his *Life and Poems of Lord Byron*—and while others have compassed sea and land to give us thrice-reiterated landscapes illustrative of his biography and writings, and have even presented us with fictitious portraits of the most interesting characters connected with his fortunes, they have totally passed over Annesley as altogether unworthy of their notice, though it is a spot at once full of a melancholy charm, of a sad, yet old English beauty; a spot where every soil, and stone, and tree, and hearth, is rife with the most strange and touching memories in human existence, and where the genuine likeness of Mary Chaworth, in the most lovely and happy moments of her life, is to be found.

Need I pause a moment to account for this? Does not the discerning public always tread in one track? As sheep follow one leader, and traverse the heath in a long extended line, so does the public follow the first trumpeter of the praises of one place. It has been fashionable to visit Newstead, and it has been visited;—but, as Annesley was not at first thought of, it has not been visited at all. Well! we have visited it;—and if there be any power in the most melancholy of mortal fortunes—in the retracing the day-dreams of an illustrious spirit—in the gathering of all English feelings round the strongest combination of the glory of nature with the aspect of decay in the fortunes and habitations of an ancient race, we shall visit it again and again.

That wooded ridge was our landmark from the first step of our journey, and we soon reached Hucknall. The approach to Hucknall is pleasant; the place itself is a long, unpicturesque village. Count Gamba is said to have been struck with its resemblance to Missolonghi. Nine years ago now passed since the funeral of Lord Byron took place here, and yet it seems to me as but yesterday. His admirers, in after ages, will naturally picture to themselves the church, on that occasion, overflowing with the intelligent and poetical part of the population of the neighbourhood. A poet who had spent a good deal of his boyhood and youth in it—whose patrimonial estate lay here—who had gone hence and won so splendid a renown—whose life had

been a series of circumstances and events as striking and romantic as his poetry—who had finally been cut down in his prime, in so brilliant an attempt to restore the freedom and ancient glory of Greece—would naturally be supposed to have come back to the tomb of his ancestors amidst the confluence of a thousand strongly-excited hearts. But it was not so. There was a considerable number of persons present, but the church was by no means crowded, and the spectators were, with very few exceptions, of that class which is collected by idle curiosity on the approach of any not very wonderful procession—who would have collected to gaze as much at the funeral of his lordship's grandfather, or his own, though he had not written a line of poetry, or lifted the sword of freedom;—probably with threefold eagerness at that of a wealthy cit; because there would have been more of bustle and assuming blazonry about it. With the exception of the undertaker's hired company, of John Cam Hobhouse, and his lordship's attorney, Mr. Hanson, his Greek servant Tita, and his old follower Fletcher, the rest of the attendants were the villagers, and a certain quantity of people from Nottingham, of a similar class, and led by similar motives. There was not a score of those who are called "the respectable," from Nottingham; scarcely one of the gentry of the county. This strange fact can only be accounted for by the circumstance, that Nottingham and its vicinity are famous for the manufacture of lace and stockings, but, like many other manufacturing districts, possess no such decided attachment to literature. Many readers there are undoubtedly in both town and country, but readers chiefly for pastime—for the filling up certain hours between and after business—and a laudable way too of so filling it; but not readers from any unconquerable passion for, or attachment to, literature, for its own sake. A few literary persons have lived in or about the neighbourhood, but these are the exception;—the character of the district is manufacturing and political, but by no means literary—nor ever was; therefore, the strongest feeling with which Lord Byron was regarded there, was a political one. Though an aristocrat in birth and bearing, he was a very thorough radical in principle. Hence he had only the sympathy of the radicals with him, these consisting chiefly of the working class. The whigs of the town, and the gentry of the country, chiefly Tories, regarded him only in a political light, and paid him not the respect of their presence.

The religious world had a high prejudice against him for his manifold sins of speech, opinion, and life: they of course were not there. No party had so much more admiration of genius,—conception of the lofty intellectual achievements of the noble poet,—discernment of the abundant, qualifying, and, in fact, overbalancing greatness and beauty, and even religious sentiment, which breathed through many of his writings—(for no man had more ennobling and truly religious feelings rooted in his soul by the contemplation of the magnificence of God's handiworks in creation; or felt, occasionally, more deeply the spiritualizing influence that pervades nature:)—no party had so much more of this tone of mind than of their political or sectarian bias, as to forget all those minor things in his wonderful talent—his early death—his redeeming qualities, and last deeds—and the honour he had conferred, as an everlasting heritage, on this country.

In the evening, after the people who had attended the funeral were dispersed, I went down to the church and entered the vault. There was a reporter from one of the London newspapers copying the inscriptions on the coffins, by the light of a lamp; and a great hobble-de-hoy of a farmer's lad was kneeling on the case that contained the poet's heart, and lolling with his

elbows on the coffin, as he watched the reporter, in a manner that indicated the most perfect absence of all thought of the place where he was, or the person on whose remains he was perched.

In the churchyard, a group of the villagers were eagerly discussing the particulars of the funeral, and the character of the deceased. One man attempted to account for the apparently indifferent manner in which the clergyman performed the burial service, by his having understood that he felt himself disgraced by having to bury an atheist. "An atheist!" exclaims an old woman, "tell me that he was an atheist? D'ye think an atheist would be beloved by his servants as this man was? Why, they fret themselves almost to death about him. And d'ye think they would have made so much of him in foreign parts? Why, they almost worshipped him as a God in Grecia!"—giving the final *a* a sound as long as one's finger. This was conclusive—the wondering auditors had nothing to reply—they quietly withdrew their several ways, and I mine.

The church was broken into soon after the funeral, and the black cloth with which the pulpit was hung on this occasion, carried away; and this is not the only forcible entry that has been made through Lord Byron's being buried here; for the clerk told me, that, when Moore came to see it with Colonel Wildman, being impatient of the clerk's arrival, who lives at some distance, the poet had contrived to climb up to a window, open it, and get in, where the worthy bearer of the keys found him, to his great astonishment.

The indifference shown by the people of Nottingham towards the great poet would not seem to have abated, if we are to judge by the entries in an album kept by the clerk, and which was presented for that purpose about eight years ago by Dr. Bowring. The signatures of visitors now amount to upwards of eight hundred, amongst which appear the names of people from North and South America, Russia, the Indies, and various other distant places and countries, but few from Nottingham or its shire, who might be supposed to be among the best read and best informed portion of its population: this, however, must be allowed, that the names entered in the clerk's book afford no just criterion of the numbers or quality of the visitors to the poet's tomb, as many of the most poetical and refined minds might naturally feel reluctant to place their signatures in such a medley of mawkish sentiment as is always found in such albums. A few clergymen, we, however, were pleased to see, had there placed their names, and some dissenting ministers had ventured so far as to do likewise, and to preach some pretty little sermons over him in the book.

To the  
Immortal and illustrious fame

of  
LORD BYRON,  
The first Poet of the age in which he lived,  
These Tributes,  
Weak, and unworthy of Him, but  
In themselves sincere,  
are inscribed  
With the deepest reverence.  
July, 1825.

At this period no monument—not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager in the neighbourhood—had been erected to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes; and he has been buried more than twelve months.—July 1825.

So should it be: let o'er this grave  
No monumental banners wave;  
Let no word speak—no trophy tell  
Aught that may break the charming spell  
By which, as on this sacred ground  
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound.  
A still, resistless influence,  
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense;  
While every whisper seems to breathe  
Of the mighty dead who rests beneath.  
—And though the master-hand is cold,  
And though the lyre it once controlled  
Rests mute in death;—yet, from the gloom  
Which dwells about this holy tomb



Silence breathes out more eloquent  
Than epitaph or monument.  
One laurel wreath—the poet's crown—  
Is here by hand unworthy thrown;  
One tear, that so much worth should die,  
Falls, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye:—  
This the simple offering  
(Poor, but earnest,) which I bring.  
—The tear has dried, the wreath shall fade,  
The hand that twined it soon be laid  
In cold obstruction—but the fame  
Of him who tears and wreath shall claim  
From most remote posterity,  
While Britain lives, can never die!  
J. B.

The following list contains almost all the names that are known to the public, or are distinguished by rank or peculiarity of circumstance:—

- The Count Pietro Gamba. Jan. 31st, 1825.  
The Duke of Sussex visited Lord Byron's tomb, October 1824.  
Lieut.-Colonel Wildman.  
Lieut.-General Charles Lallemand.  
The Count de Blankensee, Chamberlain to the King of Prussia. Sept. 7th, 1825.  
1825. Sept. 23. William Fletcher visited his ever-to-be-lamented lord and master's tomb.  
10 month. Jeremiah Wiffen, Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire.  
1826. July 30. C. R. Pemberton (a wanderer).  
1828. Jan. 21. Thomas Moore.  
Sept. 12. Sir Francis S. Darwin and party.  
Nov. 21. Lieut.-Colonel D'Aguiar.  
— Eliza D'Aguiar.  
Dec. 1. Lieut.-Colonel James Hughes, of Llysdules.  
1829. Sept. 3. Lord Byron's sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, visited this church.  
1831. May 17. Rev. Joseph Gilbert, Nottingham.  
— Ann Gilbert (formerly Ann Taylor, of Ongar).  
Aug. 22. Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Need, Fountain Dale.  
1832. Jan. 8. M. Van Buren, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States.  
— Washington Irving.  
— John Van Buren, New York, U. S. America.  
Dec. 27. Lady Lammene, Salendale.  
1834. Feb. 15. Domingo Maria Ruiz de la Vega, Ex-Deputy of the Spanish Cortes from Granada.  
Feb. 23. J. Bellairs, Esq. visited Newstead Abbey and Lord Byron's tomb, such as it is!—one of his greatest admirers of the day.  
— W. Arundale, of London, accompanied the said J. B.  
March 8. J. Murray, jun., Albemarle-street, London. [815 Names.]

Although we did not, at this time, enter even the church-yard, thoughts and feelings which had presented themselves in this very spot on the day of Lord Byron's funeral, again returned.

His birth, his death, dark fortunes, and brief life,  
Wondrous and wild as his impetuous lay,  
Pass'd through my mind; his wanderings, loves,  
and strife:  
I saw him marching on from day to day:—  
The killed boy, roaming 'midst mountains grey;  
The noble youth, whose life-blood was a flame,  
In the bright land of demi-gods astray:  
The monarch of the lyre, whose haughty name  
Spread on from shore to shore, the watchword  
of all fame;—

And then—a lifeless form! The spell was broke;  
The wizard's wild enchantment was destroyed;  
He who at will did dreadful forms invoke,  
And call'd up beautiful spirits from the void  
Back to the scenes in which he early joy'd,  
He came, but knew it not. In vain earth's bloom—  
In vain the sky's clear beauty, which oft buoy'd  
His spirit to delight; an early doom  
Brought him in Glory's arms to th' awaiting tomb.

He lies—how quietly that heart, which yet  
Never could slumber, slumbers now for aye!  
He lies—where first-love, fame, his young soul set  
With passionate power on flame—where gleam  
the grey  
Turrets of Newstead, through the solemn away

Of verdurous woods; and where that hoary crown  
Of lofty "trees in circular array"  
Shrouds Mary's hall, who thither may look down  
And think how he lov'd her, aye, more than his renown.  
H.

#### THE BARLEY-MOWER'S SONG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BARLEY-MOWERS, here we stand,  
One, two, three, a steady band;  
True of heart and strong of limb,  
Ready in our harvest trim;  
All a-row, with spirits blithe,  
Now we whet the bended scythe,  
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Side by side now, bending low,  
Down the swaths of barley go,  
Stroke by stroke, as true's the chime  
Of the bell, we keep in time;  
Then we whet the ringing scythe,  
Standing 'mong the barley lithe,  
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

After labour cometh ease,  
Sitting now beneath the trees,  
Round we send the barley wine,  
Life-infusing, clear and fine;  
Then refreshed, alert, and blithe,  
Rise we all and whet the scythe,  
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Barley-mowers must be true,  
Keeping still the end in view,  
One with all, and all with one,  
Working on till set of sun,  
Bending all with spirits blithe,  
Whetting all at once the scythe,  
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Day and night, and night and day,  
Time, the mower, will not stay;  
We may hear him in our path,  
By the falling barley swath;  
While we sing with voices blithe,  
We may hear his ringing scythe,  
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Time, the mower, cuts down all,  
High and low and great and small;  
Fear him not, for we will grow  
Ready like the field we mow,  
Like the bending barley lithe,  
Ready for the whetted scythe,  
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Let me give you a portrait—a miniature of my Romans. First, you are to observe, that my Romans are no Romans at all, that is to say, real original Romans. Lucan himself, who wrote nearly eighteen hundred years ago, says of them—

Nalioque frequentem  
Cive suo Roman, sed mundi face repletam.

The "refuse of the world" does not seem, though corruption be a kind of regeneration, to have worked off its impurity, but to wallow in it still. Even after so many ages left it to settle and re-embody, there it lies fermenting in its own foulness, and throwing off each year its vermin swarms to rot themselves again to death on that wharf of Lethe, Tiber's muddy shore. This rank amalgamation of slaves, freedmen, and gladiators, Africans, Asiatics, Byzantine and other bastard Greeks, of Goths, Vandals, and Huns, choked long ago all that was truly Roman in the people, and left nothing of the city itself, but ruins, to tell the passenger—*Rome was!* Although denizens of her who civilized the western world, who long drew into her circuit the riches, the learning, the genius, the mechanical

and elegant arts of Europe, still is that population barbaric, sanguinary, ignorant, swinishly gross and slothful, semi-brutal. Of all Italian peoples, it has the least notion of freedom, the least notion of a wish to be free. It is always primed for explosion indeed, because explosion brings destruction, and destruction of any kind it dearly loves. It would be, perhaps, one of the first states to revolutionize itself, if rapine were the object, and not reform; but, unless that lure be held out, you might as well preach the march of enlightenment to a nation of Calibans. "Let me kiss thy foot," is its motto, political no less than spiritual. Even if forced by external states into freedom, 'twill enslave itself again to one of them from pure sluggishness and incapacity for self-rule—or to some turbulent demagogue, who will revive there in bloody caricature French Mob Law and the Reign of Terror. For, remember, that cowards always love carnage. This is a sad picture, but I fear a true one: the most fallen thing in Rome is the national character. Though rubbing skirts perpetually with the statues of heroes and demigods, my Romans have caught no more the contagion of courage, than if there were something in their clay antiseptic to such an infection. Nay, so lost are they to shame on matters of courage, that they avow in open terms their want of it—they post their own poltroonery. A Roman—mark you what a huge mouth one must make, to pronounce the magnificent name!—a Roman citizen will candidly tell you, that the sight of a firearm in his own hand for the defence, not of his hearths and altars, his goods and chattels, wife and children, but of himself, throws him into a sweat of agony dangerous to his life! He is ready, at all times, to make an affidavit of cowardice, if it will save him from enlistment as a National Guard, a defender of his own existence and means of existence. The most daring night-stabber to be sure in the world: nay, he is so manful, as to assault you at broad noon-day—behind your back. A Roman has just this moment triumphantly butchered a woman in the public streets, and that is but one of the few similar heroic achievements performed since my residence here, by this blood-boulted people. Ferocity, at least, if not valour, is their most distinctive characteristic. When a Roman speaks to you, it is generally with the air of a tame wolf. He has a black liquorish muzzle, a shaggy head, and a truculent eye; but a latent slipperiness in the gaze he fixes upon you, tells that his heart is unsteady. He has a powerful, square, low-built frame, but so covered with the soft brawn of idleness and inertia, that he might be overset like a woolpack, by the slightest application of the foot to his centre of percussion. Most Italians, indeed, may be knocked down with a hard look: the Roman, perhaps, will stand it as stoutly as another, if he thinks his own stiletto the only one between you.

Nothing strikes more evidently, than the change of demeanor on passing from Radicofani, or any other Tuscan frontier town, into the papal state. It is like passing from brightness into darkness. The smile of peace, contented industry, simplicity, native good humour, which gladdens like a second sun the face of Tuscany, gives way to a savage and sullen frown, contracted by gloominess of spirit, envious sloth, and ever-needy cunning—a frown that seems to eclipse the glorious orb itself, and cover the Roman land with shadow. At the Holy Excise Office, you find yourself at once in the jurisdiction of robber-law. Those blood-hounds of despotism, *gendarmes*, become still more insolent than is usual with dogs in office; the excisemen, helpers, &c., twice as rapacious as such vultures elsewhere. Donanier soldiers beg from you all through Italy, but in the Ecclesiastical States alone, have I ever found them licensed to assault for alms, footpads in uniform, which is the case particularly at Ferrara. There you are robbed by the police of four pauls if you merely

pass one night in the town, and, by the police-soldier who brings your passport, of a *paul* more if you be simple enough not to resist his look of *ser-fa-fum* authority. Guess what the Papal States must be, when on getting into the Austrian, you feel yourself at ease!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WITH respect to novelties in literature and art, we find ourselves this week very much in the condition of the venerable Olaus Magnus, when he treated of the Snakes of Iceland thus laconically—"Snakes in Iceland there be none." Artists are escaping from town in every direction—Singers carrying into the country the echoes of those songs which have charmed us during the season. Tamburini and Ivanoff are gone to Manchester—Mr. Braham, whom some of our contemporaries chose to kill last week, is peacefully on his way to the Eisteddod—and the inhabitants of Birmingham and Newcastle anticipating those musical carnivals which give such life and motion to provincial towns as cannot be understood by those who have not witnessed them.

But though matters are at present in a state of stillness, if not of stagnation, we are not without promise of good things to come. Mr. Murray, we perceive, is announcing a *Life of General Wolfe*, edited by Mr. Dawson Turner, assisted by Dr. Southey; he promises us also, two volumes of *Select Sermons and Essays*, from the pen of Crabbe; and from Mrs. Butler (alas, Miss Fanny Kemble no more!) a *Journal* of her residence in America. Surely, from this lady and Miss Martineau (who has just set sail for the land of promise), we shall receive a more gentle judgment of the United States than we found in the shrewd, severe, and sparkling pages of the authoress of the "Domestic Manners."

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* is before us, and appears varied in its contents. The only paper we have read, upon Coleridge, has pleased us much. It is written by an enthusiastic, but not an extravagant admirer of his wonderful genius. Mr. Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons* is dissected in the searching manner in which this periodical delights to treat certain books. There are articles, too, upon Crabbe's poems, upon Conolly's *Overland Journey to India*, and Dunlop's *Roman Literature*.

While we were talking of musical matters, we might as well have said that Mr. Parry has been appointed to write the history of the Abbey Meeting—to fill the post which, on the occasion of the Commemoration, was occupied by Doctor Burney—the friend of Garrick, and Burke, and Johnson. We cannot help thinking—but comparisons are odious; and we shall look for a full, true, and particular account of the "Celebrity" of 1834, without prepossession or prejudice.

#### THEATRICALS

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Wednesday, Aug. 20.

'Married Life,' an original comedy, in three acts.—We have announced the production of this new effort of Mr. Buckstone's very amusing pen, in the words of the play-bill. Had the description been left to us, we certainly should not have called it a comedy; and even as it is, we, as legitimate conservators of theatrical boundaries, feel it our duty to protest against a farce, merely because it happens to be a very large one, being permitted to assume the style and title of its superior. A commoner might as well claim to sit in the House of Peers on the score of his being fat. The papers generally have spoken strongly in favour of the piece in question; we rejoice that they have done so, while we regret that we can only echo them in parts, and even

then but faintly. The merit of originality must be put first and foremost. We may next say, that the idea is a capital one; indeed, the very excellence of the idea made us expect so much that the disappointment we experienced was, perhaps, as much caused by over anticipation, as by failure in execution, on the part of the author. Be that as it may, we were disappointed, and must not, as we value our character for impartiality, shrink from owning it. We have had occasion so often, and so heartily, to praise Mr. Buckstone, in his double capacity of actor and author, that he must almost want a little censure from us, to prove the sincerity of our previous observations. There is little or no plot in 'Married Life;' but there is a great deal of character; and there are some highly comical situations. These combined would have formed a good and sufficient substitute for a plot, if the characters had been more naturally and powerfully drawn, and the situations strengthened and sustained by a better and higher style of dialogue. In both these particulars, with partial exceptions, it appears to us, that Mr. Buckstone has comparatively failed. The opening dialogue between the first of the numerous couples to whom we are introduced, *Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Lynx*, (Mr. F. Vining and Mrs. Faucit,) held out a more goodly promise than was afterwards realized. It was easy, natural, and even sprightly—but in this first scene, the author seemed not only to have out-written himself, but to have written himself out. The dialogue was never again so good; and we are sorry to add, that far too much of the subsequent laughter was obtained from the thoughtless and ill-bred portion of the audience at the expense of propriety—nay, more, of common decency. *Mr. and Mrs. Lynx* are a jealous couple, and quarrel upon that score. Mr. Vining and Mrs. Faucit both played extremely well, but the abruptness with which both of them, but the lady in particular, are every now and then made to break from farce into tragedy, is objectionable. No acting could smooth off such sharp corners as they had to turn. *Mr. and Mrs. Coddle* (Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover,) quarrel about air, and other "trifles light as air." *Mr. Coddle* is a thin nervous chilly East Indian, afraid of every open door and window, and *Mrs. Coddle* walks about like a house on fire, requesting everybody to put her out. Mrs. Glover did the utmost that could be done with (for her, at all events,) an indifferent part. If we were to say, that Mr. Farren acted otherwise than cleverly, our readers would most likely shut up the *Athenæum* for a lunatic paper; but we must say, that we never remember to have seen him to so little advantage; his character does not, as we think, amount even to farce—it is little higher than that of an old man in a pantomime. It is strange, with our admiration of this great artist, that we should have to offer even this one exception, for the purpose of proving the rule; but we liked neither his part—nor his acting—nor his dress—and (as Mr. Yates used to say in his imitation of Terry,) "that's the plain fact." His chief situation is made to arise out of his fright, because he thinks he has committed bigamy, and subjected himself to transportation. Being at length relieved from this, by discovering that his first wife married him under a false name, he talks about "the pride of conscious innocence." Now, in the first place, we very much question whether one of the parties having assumed a false name, would affect the legality of a marriage; and in the next, if *Mr. Coddle* has not committed bigamy, he clearly intended to do it; and, therefore, his claim to congratulation upon conscious innocence must needs be slender. It reminds us of a gentleman, once well known in the musical world, who being congratulated by a friend on having obtained his certificate under a bankruptcy, answered—"Yes, I have obtained it, and now

I can lay my hand upon my heart and say—thank God, I don't owe a shilling in the world." But we grow lengthy, and must cast off the remaining couples as quickly as possible. *Mr. and Mrs. Dove* (Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Clifford) quarrel because the wife, who has been a schoolmistress, is uneasy at the bad English of the husband, who has been her footman. *Mrs. Clifford* was clever, and so was Mr. Buckstone, but both parts were not only overcharged but overpaid. *Mr. Dove* has been a footman, it is true; but a footman, if put into the situation of a gentleman, would know *what* to do if told to give his arm to a lady and take her down to dinner, though he might not do it like a gentleman. It is out of the nature of things that he should inquire of his wife—"What does that mean, and how am I to do it?" having, in his capacity of footman, witnessed the operation every day of his life. *Mr. and Mrs. Dismal* (Mr. Strickland and Mrs. Tayleure) have married late in life, and quarrel because they hardly know how else to occupy their time. Both parts were remarkably well sustained. Finally, *Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband* (Mr. Brindal and Mrs. Humby), who have been only a short time married, quarrel—not because they dislike each other, but because they are both fond of contradiction. We have, like children, kept the best for the last. This couple pleased us more than all the others together. The ease and self-possession of Mr. Brindal, and yet his perfect abstraction from every outward circumstance which did not mix itself with the business of his part, gave his acting an air of reality which was, and is, deserving of the highest praise. He seemed like a gentleman borrowed from real life to show that others were only acting. In justice, we must own that Mrs. Humby was but little way behind him. When the husbands and wives are tired of quarrelling, they make it up, and the piece concludes with a long matrimonial lecture from Mr. Farren. To say that there is no merit in it, would be to say that which is neither just nor true. There is a great deal in the idea, and not a little in the execution; but, upon the whole, with every good wish towards one who is a very quaint and original actor, and a most industrious and amusing author, we feel bound to say, that (in our opinion) Mr. Buckstone's flight has been a little too high this time. Had he tried less, he would have achieved more. Nay, this play might very likely have been better if he had bestowed more time upon it, but the further it advances from the commencement, the more conspicuous are the signs of haste. It was well received upon the whole, and much applauded at the conclusion.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Chemical Analysis of the Brain.*—M. Couerbe, who has been engaged for some time in a chemical and physiological examination of the brain, has ascertained the singular and interesting fact, that its composition varies in a remarkable degree according to its different states of health or disease. The element, which occurs in different quantities, is phosphorus, of which he reports that the brain in its normal state contains from 2 to 2½ per cent., while the brains of idiots contain but 1 to 1½, and those of madmen 3, 4, or even 4½. "Thus," says M. Couerbe, in conclusion, "it would follow, that the absence of phosphorus from the brain would reduce man to the sad state of a brute; that a great excess of this substance would irritate the nervous system, exalt the individual, and drive him into that furious excitement which we call madness or mental alienation; and, finally, that a mean proportion re-establishes the equilibrium, gives birth to the most sublime thoughts, and produces that admirable harmony which, in fact, is the soul of the spiritualists." From all which it clearly follows, that the soul, "that very fiery particle,"

is nothing more or less than a couple of grains of phosphorus! M. Couerbe's memoir has been read before the *Académie des Sciences*, and is to be published in one of the forthcoming numbers of the *Annales de Chimie*: we recommend it to the attention of all who wish to learn the meaning of the poet's expression, "*cum ratione insinare*."

*The Church of La Madeleine at Paris.*—The ornamental work to this beautiful church is now nearly completed, no less than 300 sculptors being employed in the interior. The twelve *pendentives*, which are to represent the twelve apostles, are nearly finished; they are of colossal magnitude, and will have a most imposing and beautiful effect. Three cupolas crown the nave of the church, which also is just finished. The decorations will be commenced as soon as possible. This church is expected to be one of the most elegant and beautiful in the metropolis.

*Improved Method of tuning Pianos.*—Among the recent new inventions announced in Paris, is an improved method of tuning pianos, which is so simple that a person with a tolerable ear may tune the instrument himself. This is effected by means of a piece of mechanism formed of pressure screws, so that the large tuning key will be no longer wanted, and be superseded by one small enough to go into a lady's work-box; and it is formed on such a principle, that the tone may be ascertained with the greatest nicety, and no risk of breaking the strings is incurred.

*Serpents.*—Mr. Andrew Smith published, in the *London Zoological Journal*, vol. 4. p. 442, an account of a Serpent of Southern Africa, (the *Coluber scaber* of Linnaeus), which he described as entirely devoid of teeth, and proposed therefore to consider it as the type of a distinct genus and family, to be called *Andon* and *Andontide*. M. Jourdan, however, a French naturalist, being doubtful of the fact, procured a specimen, and has not only discovered that Mr. Smith was in error, having found in this serpent seven teeth on each palatine bone, and five upon each of the upper maxillary bones, but has further ascertained, that in the first division of the digestive canal, a sort of secondary dental apparatus exists, consisting of thirty bony protuberances, with their points enamelled—some of them formed like our cutting teeth, and projecting at least two lines. These thirty protuberances are connected with the thirty vertebrae of the spine, succeeding the atlas and axis (the two first vertebrae).

*Surprising Accuracy of our Coinage.*—The extreme exactness required and attained in the weight of coins at the Royal Mint, by means of the sizing machinery, has already been mentioned. On a recent examination, when sovereigns were put to the test as to their weight, it was found that out of 1000, 500 were quite correct, 200 varied only by half a grain, 100 more three quarters of a grain, and the remaining 100 varied altogether a grain! This is an instance of surprising accuracy; especially when the various processes through which every single coin passes are taken into consideration. —*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Select Sermons and Essays, from the MSS. of the Rev. George Crabbe.

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A second edition of Black Gowns and Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834, in two parts, is announced.

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Mr. Rowbotham has in the press, a New Guide to the French Language, in Conversations, Dialogues, &c., for the use of schools and travellers.

The Oriental Annual for 1835 is announced for publication on the 1st of October.

The Geographical Annual for 1835 will comprise, in addition to its Engravings, a compendious Universal Gazetteer.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand will be published in a few days.

New Editions.—Pope's Works, with Notes, uniform with Byron and Scott.—Coleridge's Introduction to the Greek Poets, improved and augmented.—Johnson's and Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, with notes by Scott, Lockhart, and Wilson Croker.—Dr. Elliott's Human Physiology—incorporating much of Blumenbach's Institutions Physiologie.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should like to see a specimen of the papers referred to by a Reader and Friend of the *Athenæum*.

Erskine Tyrell, G.—A. P.—S. received.

We suspect that 'Crab-Tree-Road' is not the row whence G. G. should have dated his letter. His professions, however, are proved false by the simple fact, that the book has been reviewed.

A correspondent from Edinburgh has called our attention to some errors in 'Roberts's Geography,' especially in the account given of the interior of Africa and Eastern Persia. Our notice of the work was merely a description of its plan, which we thought and still think, very good.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FILL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS, from the Collections of His Most Gracious Majesty, the Most Excellent the Marquess of Westminster, and The Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B. is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening. Admission, 1s.; Children, 1s.

WILL CLOSE EARLY NEXT MONTH. —The PADRAMA, or EXHIBITION of the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL RAILWAY, at the Bazaar, Bakers-street, Portman square, will close early next month, preparatory to its removal from London. This amusing and scientific exhibition gives a most correct idea of the great work it represents. It has been viewed by thousands of the Nobility and Gentry, all of whom express the highest approbation of the mechanical and pictorial display it affords. It occupies nearly half an hour to view, but as it is in constant operation it does not matter at what time a person enters, for if he waits that period he sees it all.—Admission, One Shilling.

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The Holidays will terminate on the 30th Instant. All Pupils will be expected to join their Classes on MONDAY the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

AN EXHIBITION, to TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, of FIFTY POUNDS per annum, for Three Years of the Undergraduate Course, commencing October 1835, will be given to the successful Candidate at the July Examinations of that year, who shall have attained the age of Eighteen, and kept at the School five of the School Terms of the two Sessions commencing from September.

(Signed) JOHN WALKER, Head Masters. W. D. J. BRIDGMAN, 22nd August, 1834.

SALE OF VALUABLE AND SCARCE BOOKS. Messrs. THOMAS WINSTANLEY and SONS (of Liverpool) have the pleasure to announce that they have received the lot of BOOKS to SELL BY AUCTION, on FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, at 11 o'clock precisely, at their Rooms, in CHURCH-STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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